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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1848.

No. 1075.

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HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

EXHIBITIONS AT THE GARDEN.
The Second Meeting will take place on SATURDAY, the 10th of June, at the Garden before half-past 8 a.m. on the day of Exhibition.
The gates will be open to visitors at 1 p.m. Tickets are issued to Subscribers at the Office, price 5s. each, or at the Garden in the afternoon of the days of Exhibition, at 7s. 6d. each; but then only to the Members and Fellows of the Society.
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SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS announced at the ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FUND, Wednesday, May 6, 1848.

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PROGRAMME.

- First Lecture, TUESDAY, 6th June:—Powers and Laws of Thought.
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- Third Lecture, SATURDAY, 10th June:—Tendencies and Duties of Men of Thought.
- Fourth Lecture, TUESDAY, 12th June:—Politics and Socialism.
- Fifth Lecture, THURSDAY, 14th June:—Poetry and Eloquence.
- Sixth Lecture, SATURDAY, 17th June:—Natural Aristocracy.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1848.

REVIEWS

Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys. With a Life and Notes. By Richard, Lord Braybrooke. Vol. I. Colburn.

Lord Braybrooke has undertaken to repair his error; and the 'Diary of Pepys'—originally published, very much cut down, in two quarto volumes, in 1825—is now to appear in its integral state, with matter sufficient to form another quarto volume restored to the particular places from whence it was then cut out;—cut out, too, with very little judgment, whether we consider the principle of the suppression or the skill and knowledge with which the pruning-knife was used. This, the third edition of the best book of its kind in the English language, is therefore the only true edition of the book. The new matter is extremely curious; and, judging from the first volume before us, occasionally far more characteristic and entertaining than the old. The editor's part is also a little better done than before: but still, in spite of the said-to-be important assistance from Mr. Holmes and the "valuable suggestions" of the Rev. Joseph Hunter, it is most carelessly illustrated—and, we are sorry to say, with, as we shall show hereafter, but little knowledge on the part of the noble editor of the ten important years over which the 'Diary' extends.

The new matter in the first volume (more than a third of the book, by the bye,) tells us who Mr. Pierce was, who Will Hower was,—and gives us glimpses of Ned Pickering and Creed that serve to explain many of the more entertaining entries in the 'Diary.' We have numerous characteristic sketches of the writer himself, his wife, his father, his brother Tom, his sister Pall, his great patron the famous Earl of Sandwich, and Sir William (the admiral and father of Pennsylvanian Penn); with important references to Betterton, Kynaston and Lacy, and allusions to plays revived at the Restoration of material consequence in the history of our dramatic literature and stage. Then, there are sketches "at home," and entries about dress and manners and customs of peculiar value to the English antiquary and to a right understanding of the plays and poems of Mr. Pepys's period.

Of the way in which the pruning-knife was used (the expression is Lord Braybrooke's own) here is a striking sample. The matter printed in italics is all new.—

"8 March 1661. At noon, Sir William Batten, Colonel Slingsby and I by coach to the Tower, to see John Robinson's to dinner; where great good cheer. High company; among others the Duchesse of Albemarle, who is ever a plain, homely dowdy. After dinner, to drink all the afternoon. Towards night the Duchesse and ladies went away. Then we set to it again till it was very late; and at last came in Sir William Wall almost fuddled; and because I was set between him and another, only to keep them from talking and spoiling the company (as we did to others) he fell out with the Lieutenant of the Tower; but with much ado we made him understand his error and then all quiet. *I was much contented to ride in such state into the Tower, and be received among such high company, while Mr. Mount, my Lady Duchesse's gentleman usher, stood waiting at table whom I ever thought a man so much above me in all respects: also to hear the discourse of so many high Cavaliers of things past. It was a great content and joy to me.*"

Another characteristic example relates to Kynaston, the actor. The matter in italics is all new.—

"18 August 1660. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cock-pit Play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, 'The Loyal Subject,' where one Kynaston, a boy, acted

the duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life. *After the play done, we went to drink, and by Captain Ferrers's means, Kynaston and another that acted Archas, the General, came and drank with us.*"

A third relates to the Earl of Sandwich, and we have again distinguished the new matter from the old by printing it in italics.—

"23 April 1660. In the evening, for the first time, extraordinary good sport among the seamen, after my Lord had done playing at nine pins. *That being done, he fell to singing a song upon the Rump to the tune of 'The Blacksmith.'*"

Surely the suppressed matter is more curious than the old. Here again is another new and interesting anecdote of the great admiral when at sea.—

"5 June 1660. My Lord called for the lieutenant's cittern, and with two candlesticks, with money in them for cymbels, we made barber's music, with which my Lord was well pleased."

Nor are the following entries about Lord Sandwich devoid of interest.—

"27 June 1660. Dined with my Lord and all the officers of his regiment, who invited my Lord and his friends, as many as he would bring, to dinner at the Swan at Dowgate, a poor house, and ill-dressed but very good fish and plenty. By coach to the Speaker's, where my Lord supped with the King, but I could not get in.

"15 July 1660. Dined with my Lord, whom I find plainly to be a sceptic in all things of religion, but to be a perfect stoic."

Why the following entries about Penn were omitted by the noble editor, will perplex the reader.—

"8 September 1660. Drinking a glass of wine late, and discoursing with Sir W. Pen. I find him to be a very sociable man, and an able man and very cunning."

"18 April 1661. Homewards again, and in our way met with two country fellows upon one horse, which I did, without much ado, give the way to, but Sir W. Pen would not; but struck them and they him, and so passed away; but they giving him some high words, he went back again, and struck them off their horse, in a simple fury, and without much honour in my mind."

"6 January 1661/2. To dinner to Sir W. Pen's, it being a solemn feast day with him—his wedding day, and we had besides a good chine of beef and other good cheer, eighteen mince pies in a dish, the number of years that he hath been married."

"25 January 1661/2. Walking in the garden to give the gardener directions what to do this year (for I intend to have the garden handsome) Sir W. Pen came to me and did break a business to me about removing his son from Oxford to Cambridge to some private college."

"28 April 1662. Sir W. Pen much troubled upon letters, come last night. Showed me one of Dr. Owen's to his son, whereby it appears his son is much perverted in his opinion by him; which I now perceive is one thing that hath put Sir William so long off the hooks."

The date of Penn's marriage was unknown to his descendant and biographer. "I remember your honour very well," says an old friend of the admiral's, writing to his son the Quaker, "when you newly came out of France, and wore pantaloons breeches; at which time your late honoured father dwelt in the Navy Office, in that apartment the Lord Viscount Brouncker dwelt in afterwards, which was on the north of the Navy Office Garden." Lord Braybrooke has of course overlooked this interesting allusion to Penn and the old Navy Garden.

Prynne the antiquary, Sir Jonas Moore the mathematician, and Sir John Mennes the poet, were all known to Pepys:—our quotations are again (as they will be throughout) from the unnecessarily suppressed portions of the 'Diary.'

"9 October 1660. Our gentlemen and Mr. Prin dined together. I found Mr. Prin a good honest plain man, but in his discourse not very free or

pleasant. Among all the tales that passed among us to-day, he told us of one Damford, that, being a black man, did scald his beard with mince pie, and it came up again all white in that place, and continued to his dying day.

"26 May 1662. To the Trinity House.—I seated myself close to Mr. Prin; who, in discourse with me, fell upon what records he hath of the lust and wicked lives of the nuns heretofore in England, and showed me out of his pocket, one wherein thirty nuns for their lust were ejected of their house, being not fit to live there, and by the Pope's command, to be put for ever into other nunnerys."

"23 May 1661. To the Khenish Wine House, and there Mr. Jonas Moore, the mathematician to us, and there he did by discourse make us fully believe that England and France were once the same continent, by very good arguments, and spoke very many things not so much to prove the Scripture false, as that the time therein is not well computed nor understood."

"8 Nov. 1661. To the Sun, in New Fish Street, where Sir J. Minnes, Sir William Batten, and we all were to dine, and by discourse found Sir J. Minnes a fine gentleman and a very good scholar."

"17 June 1662. Sir John Minnes, I perceive, is most excellent company!"

A collection of short extracts relating to Pepys himself, and to some of the customs of the period, will be found to repay perusal:—

"8 May 1661. To-day I received a letter from my uncle, to beg an old fiddle of me, for Perkin the miller, whose mill the wind hath lately broke down, and now he hath nothing to live by, but fiddling, and he must needs have it against Whitsuntide, to play to the country girdles; but it vexed me to see how my uncle writes to me, as if he were not able to buy him one. But I intend to-morrow to send him one."

"6 Aug. 1661. To Baldwick [Baldock]. There lay and had a good supper by myself. The landlady being a pretty woman, but I durst not take notice of her, her husband being there."

"7 Aug. 1661. At Hatfield, we bayted and walked into the great house through all the courts; and I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me, but I could not, which troubled me."

"18 Feb. 1660/1. In the afternoon, my wife and I, and Mrs. Martha Batten my Valentine, to the Exchange, and there upon a payre of embroydered and six payre of plain white gloves I laid out 40s. upon her."

"24 Feb. 1660/1. My Valentine had her fine gloves on at church that I did give her."

"1 June 1661. To Redriff calling at the half-way-house, and there come into a room where there was infinite of new cakes placed that are made against Whitsuntide."

"3 July 1661. This day, my Lady Batten and my wife were at the burial of a daughter of Sir John Lawson's, and had rings for themselves and their husbands."

The references to dress are extremely numerous. The description of the footboy, equipped with a sword to outdo the two Sir Williams, and the punishment which he inflicts on his man Will for walking with his cloak flung over his shoulder, are related in his best manner.—

"22 November 1660. My wife and I walked to the old Exchange, and there she bought her a white whisk and put it on, and I a pair of gloves."

"11 May 1661. To Gray's Inn, and there to a barber's, where I was trimmed, and had my hair cutt, in which I am lately become a little curious, finding that the length of it do become me very much."

"13 October 1661. This day left off half-skirts, and put on a waistcoat, and my false baby waistcoat with gold lace."

"23 March 1662 (Lord's Day). This morning was brought me my boy's fine livery, which is very handsome, and I do think to keep the black and gold lace upon gray, being the colour of my arms for ever."

"4 May 1662. I walked with my wife to my brother Tom's; our boy waiting on us with his sword, which this day he begins to wear, to outdo Sir W. Pen's boy, who this day, and Sir W. Batten's,

do begin to wear new liverys; but I do take mine to be the neatest of them all.

"19 May 1662. Up, and put on my riding-cloth shirt and a camelott coat new, which pleases me well enough.

"8 June 1662 (Lord's Day). Home and observe my man Will to walk with his cloak flung over his shoulder, which, whether it was that he might not be seen to walk along with the footboy I know not, but I was vexed at it; and coming home, and after prayers, I did ask him where he learned that immodest garb; and he answered me, that it was not immodest, or some such slight answer, at which I did give him two boxes on the ears, which I never did before."

Mr. Pepys, his own father (who was a tailor by trade), his brother Tom, and his sister Pall, are occasionally alluded to in his quaintest style. On one occasion, at least, he thought he had reason to be a little jealous of his wife:—

"30 Aug. 1681. My wife and I to Drury Lane to the French comedy, which was so ill done, and the scenes and company and everything else so nasty and out of order and poor, that I was sick all the while in my mind to be there. Here my wife met with a son of my Lord Somerset, whom she knew in France, a pretty gentleman, but I showed him no great countenance, to avoid further acquaintance. That done, there being nothing pleasant but the foolery of the farce, we went home.

"2 Sept. 1661. My wife tells me that she met at Change with my young ladies of the Wardrobe, and there helped them to buy things, and also with Mr. Somerset, who did give her a bracelet and rings, which did a little trouble me, though I know there is no hurt yet in it, but only for fear of further acquaintance.

"5 Sept. 1661. To my uncle Fenner's to dinner, in the way meeting a French footman with feathers, who was in quest of my wife, and spoke with her privately, but I could not tell what it was, only my wife promised to go to some place to-morrow morning, which do trouble my mind how to know whither it was.

"18 Sept. 1661. Up early and begun our march; the way about Puckridge very bad, and my wife, in the very last dirty place of all got a fall but no hurt, though some dirt. At last she begun, poor wretch, to be tired, and I to be angry at it, but I was to blame; for she is a very good companion as long as she is well.

"21 May 1661. The Comptroller and I landed with our barge at the Temple, and from thence I went to my father's, and there did give order about some clothes to be made.

"27 March 1661. My brother Tom comes to me, and I looked over my old clothes, and did give him a suit of black stuff clothes, and a hat and some shoes.

"14 May 1662. To my brother, and finding him in a lie about the lining of my new morning gowne, saying that it was the same with the outside, I was very angry with him and parted so.

"2 January 1660/1. Home to dinner, where I found Pall (my sister) was come; but I do not let her sit down at table with me, which I do at first that she may not expect it hereafter from me.

"23 July 1661. Troubled to hear how proud and idle Pall is grown, that I am resolved not to keep her."

Where he describes his "at homes," he indulges occasionally in some of his quaintest turns—those turns of expression which it is known Sir Walter Scott delighted to repeat.—

"14 Aug. 1660. At night good sport, having the girl and boy to comb my head.

"26 November 1660. My father come and dined with me, who seems to take much pleasure to have a son that is neat in his house. I heard that Lady Batten had given my wife a visit (the first that ever she made her), which pleased me exceedingly.

"1 December 1660. This morning observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed; but before I went out I left her appeased.

"12 Dec. 1660. Home and to bed, reading myself asleep, while the wench sat mending my breeches by my bedside,

"18 January 1660/1. At home found all well, but the monkey loose, which did anger me, and so I did strike her till she was almost dead, that they might make her fast again, which did still trouble me more.

"29 May 1661. Being come home, I to bed, and give my breeches to be dried by the fire against to-morrow.

"18 June 1662. After some merry discourse in the kitchen with my wife and maids, as I now-a-days often do (I being well pleased with both my maids), to bed.

"31 May 1662. Had Sarah to comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering and other troubles, that I am resolved to try how I can keep my head dry without powder; and I did also in a sudden fit cut off all my beard, which I had been a great while bringing up, only that I may with my pumice-stone do my whole face as I now do my chin, and so save time, which I find a very easy way and gentle. She also washed my feet in a bath of herbes, and so to bed."

His dinners "out" and "at home," and his numerous merry-makings are not without their characteristic touches and occasional head-aches next day.—

"6 January 1659/60. At my office, where we paid money to the soldiers till one o'clock; and I took my wife to my cosen, Thomas Pepys, and found them just sat down to dinner, which was very good; only the venison was palpable mutton, which was not handsome.

"27 January 1660/1. Home, and at dinner was very angry at my people's eating a fine pudding (made me by Slater the cooke last Thursday) without my wife's leave.

"2 Feb. 1660/1. Home, where all things in a hurry for dinner—a strange cooke being come in the room of Slater, who would not come. . . . Three dinners within a fortnight.

"10 March 1661. Dined at home upon a poor Lenten dinner of colworts and bacon.

"26 March 1661/2. I had a pretty dinner for them; viz. a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens and a jowle of salmon hot for the first course; a tanzey, and two neat's tongues and cheese the second. We had a man-cook to dress dinner to-day and sent for Jane to help us.

"26 Feb. 1660. Shrove Tuesday. To Mrs. Turner's, where several friends, all strangers to me but Mr. Armiger, dined. Very merry, and the best fritters that ever I eat in my life. After that, looked out at window: saw the flinging at cocks.

"27 March 1661. To the Dolphin to a dinner of Mr. Harris's, where Sir Williams both and my Lady Batten and her two daughters, and other company, where a great deal of mirth, and there staid till eleven o'clock at night; and in our mirth I sang and sometimes fiddled (there being a noise of fiddlers there), and at last we fell to dancing, the first time that ever I did in my life, which I did wonder to see myself to do. At last we made Mingo, Sir W. Batten's black, and Jack, Sir W. Pen's, dance, and it was strange how the first did dance, with a great deal of seeming skill.

"3 April 1661. Up among my workmen, my head akeing all day from last night's debauch. At noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Pen, who would have me drink two good draughts of sack to-day to cure me of my last night's disease, which I thought strange, but I think find it true.

"5 June 1661. Sir W. Pen and I went out with Sir R. Slingsby to bowles in his alley, and there had good sport. I took my flageolet and played upon the leads in the garden, where Sir W. Pen came out in his shirt into his leads, and there we staid talking and singing and drinking great draughts of claret, and eating botargo and bread and butter till twelve at night, it being moonshine; and so to-bed very nearly fuddled.

"6th. My head hath aaked all night, and all this morning, with my last night's debauch.

"29 Sept. 1661 (Lord's Day). What at dinner and supper I drink, I know not how, of my own accord, so much to me that I was even almost foxed, and my head aaked all night; so home and to bed, without prayers, which I never did yet, since I come to the house of a Sunday night: I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of

being perceived by my servants in what case I was.

"4 October 1661. I found my wife vexed at her people for grumbling to eat Suffolk cheese, which I also am vexed at.

"3 Nov. 1661. At night my wife and I had a good supper by ourselves, of pullet hashed, which pleased me much to see my condition come to allow ourselves a dish like that.

"3 Feb. 1661/2. I dined with Sir W. Batten, with many friends more, it being his wedding-day, and among other froliques, it being their third year, they had three pyes, whereof the middlemost was made of an oval form in an oval hole within the other two, which made much mirth, and was called the middle piece; and above all the rest we had great striving to steal a spoonful out of it; and I remember Mrs. Mills, the minister's wife, did steal one for me, and did give it me; and to end all, Mrs. Shippman did fill the pie full of white wine (it being at least a pint and a half) and did drink it off for a health to Sir William and my lady—it being the greatest draught that ever I did see a woman drink in my life."

On one of his official visits to Chatham he made the acquaintance of Miss Rebecca Allen, and forgot all about that "poor wretch" his wife, whom he really loved.

"9 April 1661. There was Mr. Hempsen and his wife, a pretty woman, and speaks Latin; Mr. Allen and two daughters of his, both very tall, and the youngest very handsome, so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly, having, among other things, the best hand that ever I saw. The sale being done, the ladies and I, and Captain Pitt and Mr. Castle, took barge, and down we went to see the *Sovereign*, which we did, taking great pleasure therein, singing all the way; and among other pleasures, I put my Lady [Batten], Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hempsen, and the two Misses Allens, into the lantern, and I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due to a principall officer, with all which we were exceeding merry, and drunk some bottles of wine, and made tongue, &c. We had a fine collocation, but I took little pleasure in that, for the illness of the mumps, and for the intentness of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen. After we had done eating, the ladies went to dance, and among the men we had I was forced to dance too, and did make an ugly shift. Mrs. R. Allen danced very well, and seems the best humoured woman that ever I saw. About nine o'clock Sir Williams and my Lady went home, and we continued dancing an hour or two, and so broke up very pleasant and merry, and so walked home, I leading Mrs. Rebecca, who seemed, I know not why, in that and other things, to be desirous of my favours, and would in all things shew me respects. Going home she would needs have me sing, and I did pretty well, and was highly esteemed by them. So to Captain Allen's, and there having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, I did what with talking and singing (her father and I), Mrs. Turner and I staid there till two o'clock in the morning, and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often.

"11th April. At two o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till seven, and then called up by Sir W. Batten; so I rose and did some business, and then came Captain Allen, and he and I withdrew, and sang a song or two, and among others took great pleasure in 'Goe and be hanged, that's twice good bye.' The young ladies come too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca; and about nine o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we set forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me."

A subsequent entry about Mrs. Rebecca completes the picture:—

"17 April 1661. Comes Mr. Allen of Chatham, and I took him to the Mitre and there did drink with him. His daughters are to come to town to-morrow, but I know not whether I shall see them." He did see them not long after; but the fancy wore off, and his after allusions to Mrs. Rebecca are unimpassioned enough.

Pepys, it is well known, was a great frequenter of theatres; and next week we will return to this volume for some curious extracts relating

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to the theatricals of his time. But the length to which our present article has already run warns us to proceed at once to a few words of comment.

Some of Lord Braybrooke's notes will excite a smile in people better informed than his Lordship;—others, again, when we remember the assistance which he has received from Mr. Holmes and Mr. Hunter will create deserved astonishment. Let us select a few. Pepys relates that he went with his wife to the play, "and saw D'Ambois which I never saw;"—"upon which the Editor remarks, "A play called 'Bussy d'Ambois' occurs in Malone's 'History of the Stage' as acted at the Cockpit." Did it never occur to his Lordship that the 'Bussy d'Ambois' was the production of no less a poet than George Chapman? At another time Pepys records, as we have seen, that he went to the theatre, "and saw 'Love in a Maze.' The play," he observes, "hath little in it but Lacy's part of a countryman, which he did to admiration." Upon this, we have the following note. "This play, which was acted at the King's Theatre, has not been printed, nor is the author known." Now, 'Changes, or Love in a Maze' is one of Shirley's best known plays, and Thumpe, Sir Gervase's man, was one of Lacy's most celebrated parts:—

For his just acting all gave him due praise,
In part in 'The Cheats,' Jony Thumpe, Tog, and Bayes,
In those four excellent; the Court gave him the Bays.

The day before Pepys saw Shirley's 'Love in a Maze,' he saw, he tells us, 'The French Dancing Mistress,' in which Lacy played "the dancing mistress." No such play is known; though the editor himself tells us that "the name of the play was 'The French Dancing Mistress.' Now, the mistake is probably Pepys's,—who should have called it 'The French Dancing Master;' the play which Herbert records was acted at Killigrew's theatre in the same year in which Pepys relates his having seen 'The French Dancing Mistress.' His Lordship has as little knowledge of players as of plays. Pepys had a friend called Major Hart; and Lord Braybrooke has a long note full of errors about Charles Hart the actor, whom his lordship mistakenly thinks was one and the same with Mr. Pepys's Major. Hart was only a lieutenant,—it was Mohun who was a major. Burt, another actor, was a comet,—and Shatterell, also another actor, quartermaster,—in the same troop. The note about Hart observes that he "relinquished his interest in the king's house to Davenant,"—when the truth is that Davenant was dead long before Hart's withdrawal, and that the Duke's House was Davenant's House. The same note adds that "it is not recorded when his death or that of his friend Mohur [Mohun] occurred." Now, Hart was buried at Stanmore on the 20th of August, 1683,—and Mohun, Langbaine tells us, was dead in 1691. At p. 128 we are told, in a very bare note about Kynaston the actor, that "the date of his death is not known;"—he died in 1712. The note about Nicholas Burt (p. 142) is equally poor. Indeed, the information distributed throughout the notes is too often of the baldest and least valuable description. There are mistakes, too, in matters relating to Pepys himself: of which the chief is—the date of his marriage, which Lord Braybrooke fixes "in October 1655" instead of on the 1st of December 1655. Even in common London localities there are errors,—such as placing Exeter Hall on the site of Exeter Change: and the editor, who expresses his great anxiety to distinguish Lord Berkeley of Stratton from another Lord Berkeley, calls Lord Berkeley of Stratton's brother (of whom he knows little or nothing) Sir William Barclay. The name of the celebrated actress who played Roxalana in 'The

Siege of Rhodes' and was seduced by the Earl of Oxford (see De Grammont) is, we are told, unknown:—whereas it is well, and we may almost add widely known, that her name was Elizabeth Davenport. The omissions are beyond belief. The history of the Earl of Chesterfield's duel at Kensington may be found fully described in one of the MSS. in the British Museum;—the reader should be told that Praise-God-Barebones was a leather-seller in Fleet Street, because Pepys mentions that his windows were broken by a loyalist mob; it would have been well to have added that Lord Sandwich's letter to the King, partly extracted by Pepys, is printed in full in the third volume of Lister's 'Life of Lord Clarendon,'—and that the curious facts mentioned about Sir Samuel Morland are particularly referred to by Sir Samuel himself in his brief autobiography printed by Mr. Halliwell. Anne Hyde's marriage to the Duke of York is spoken of by Pepys as not likely to take place, months after their marriage in Worcester House:—the date of their marriage would be of assistance to the reader. Short accounts of men like Colonel Dillon, Singleton the musician, and Will Swan might have been added "without an amount of labour disproportionate to the result." Instead of being told that the Dog Tavern mentioned by Pepys is the Dog in Holywell Street (which at the best is very doubtful), we should have been glad to have received an account of the famous tavern "The Bear at the Bridge Foot." What Pepys relates of Sir George Downing's conduct in seizing the three regicides Okey, Barkstead, and Corbet is confirmed (we may add Lord Braybrooke does not confirm it) by Sir George Downing's own letter in Lister. When Pepys refers to "his father Osborne," it is clear though his Lordship was not aware that Francis Osborne is alluded to. The reference to Graunt's Observations deserved a note from his Lordship,—because the book was actually written by Sir William Petty. The name of the Scotch Knight killed at the Fleece Tavern in Covent Garden, should have been given, because it is well known: while some of the notes might have been placed where the first references required them to be, instead of—as in the case of the two Sir Williams (p. 290)—long after the first allusion. It would be easy to add to our catalogue of omissions. Pepys is a writer who really deserves a good editor,—one who does not mind trouble, and who will ferret out facts. His 'Diary' is like a good sirloin, which requires only to be basted with its own drippings.

The Phenomena and Diosemeia of Aratus.

Translated into English Verse with Notes.

By John Lamb, D.D. Parker.

THREE Greeks have gained a certain refuge from oblivion (had they no other) in the writings of St. Paul; Menander, Epimenides, and Aratus:—the first, for the proverb that evil communications corrupt good manners—the second, for the satire on his own countrymen which avers that the Cretans are always liars, and has been held to be a self-refuting assertion—the third, for a maxim of theology thus translated, "For we are also His offspring." The first has a reflected life in Terence—the second has a history, but no writings left—the third survives in the two poems which the Dean of Bristol has now translated into English.

These poems are somewhat remarkable as to their career:—upwards of forty versionists or commentators on them are recorded. Among the first is Cicero; who is supposed to have proved out of them that an orator is not necessarily a poet—though it may be doubted whether any Latin hexameters of an earlier date are so good as his. Among the second is Hipparchus, the undoubted father of sound astronomy in

Europe—whose commentary upon Aratus is, so it happens, the only work of his which we now possess. But the mission of these poems was not all fulfilled in ancient times. Delambre, it is said, was first induced to pay particular attention to astronomy by the encouragement and countenance of Lalande,—to whom he was recommended by the readiness with which (being much of a scholar, and then only a beginner in mathematics) he was able to quote a passage of Aratus which was referred to in the course of a lecture. Their last and newest achievement has been to make Dr. Lamb a poet—among astronomers at least.

In this character, the Dean neither is nor pretends to be of a higher class than that which is not *conceded*, according to Horace. Without, however, generally answering upon this particular matter for "gods and men," we can undertake to say for ourselves—that is, to continue the quotation for our "columns"—that we can understand an occasional use of even very moderate poetry. Thus, a version of the astronomical bard, who wrote partly for song, partly for instruction, partly to furnish *memoria technica* for those already instructed, is desirable, to give an idea of the early stages of the science; and this can be well executed without the highest order of inspiration.—As a specimen of Dr. Lamb, then, we quote the opening passage of the *Phænomena*.—

Let us begin from Jove. Let every mortal raise
His grateful voice to tune Jove's endless praise.
Jove fills the heaven—the earth—the sea—the air:
We feel his spirit moving here, and everywhere.
AND WE HIS OFFSPRING ARE. He ever good
Daily provides for man his daily food.
Ordains the seasons by his signs on high,
Studding with gems of light the azure canopy.
What time with plough and spade to break the soil,
That piteous stores may bless the reaper's toil,
What time to plant and prune the vine he shows,
And hangs the purple cluster on its boughs,
To Him—the First—the Last—all homage yield,
Our Father—Wonderful—our Help—our Shield.

We must confess to feeling this versification hang rather heavy on hand: and something more is certainly wanting, not merely to illustrate the *cultissimi versus*, as they have been called, of Aratus, but to relieve the subject in *qua nulla varietas, nullus affectus, nulla persona cui usquam sit oratio*. And further we may remark that the whole version is not as finished as even the passage we have quoted. Decasyllabic verse, though it may tolerate a needless Alexandrine now and then, will hardly consort with such a commencement as the first line above—or as the following,—

Beneath Orion's foot Eridanus begins.

Of Phaeton we read,—

And, from his shattered chariot in the wave
Hurled headlong, to ambition gave
An awful warning.

There is nothing more dreadful in this than if Jupiter had been a guide at a watering-place, and Phaeton a young lady. "Chariot" may be poetry for a bathing machine—as "shattered" is assuredly its prose. But Dr. Lamb means to the wave; and if *downwards* had been inserted after "headlong", the second line would have gone on all-tens, to its great benefit, and the previous locality of the chariot would have been thereby indicated. And as to Alexandrines, in the following—

Though nameless known—though numberless in order clear
The snake's back must be broken at *numb* in a truly numbing manner. Nevertheless, though taking objection to the versification, we are glad enough to have an English version—particularly of the *Diosemeia*. Here is, we believe, the earliest writing on the signs of the weather: and the vernacularist (is not that a term of respectable sound for a person who reads no language but his own?) may compare the weather wisdom of Aratus with that of Murphy. Dr. Lamb's notes and preliminaries are those of

a scholar who has well studied his subject, and is content to give the reader out of his abundance without burying him alive under his store-houses.

Catlin's Notes of Eight Years' Travels and Residence in Europe, &c.

[Second Notice.]

THE "fourteen Ioway Indians" with whom Mr. Catlin had next to do, after parting company with the Ojibbeways, had been accompanied to England by Mr. G. H. C. Melody,—and their unforeseen (?) appearance in St. James's Street again prevented our author's return to the States. With the Showman's true optimism, Mr. Catlin at once perceived that these were a much more eminent party than Driving Cloud & Co. The Ioways are of higher *caste*, according to their own judgment, than the Ojibbeways; Whom they called "drunkards and thieves," because the latter had fallen into "fire water," before quitting England, in place of confining themselves to the champagne and malt warranted not intoxicating by their casuistical civilizers. They were more "wild and classic" in their appearance and toilette than their predecessors—their dances were more stimulating—they had, also, a *papoose* with them, and an eccentric man of science, who wore horns and had a particular propensity for taking observations from high places. On their very first visit to Mr. Catlin's Collection at the Egyptian Hall—

"It was suddenly announced that one of the party (and a very essential one), the '*Doctor*' (or *medicine-man*), was missing! Search was everywhere making for him, and when it was quite certain that he could not have passed into the street, Jeffrey inquired of the curator of the Hall if there was any passage that led out upon the roof? to which the curator replied, 'Yes.'—Well, then," said Jeffrey, "we may be sure that he is there, for it is '*a way that he has*.' He always is uneasy until he gets as high as he can go, and then he will stay there all night if you will let him alone."—I went immediately to the roof, and found him standing on one corner of the parapet, overlooking Piccadilly,—wrapped in his buffalo robe, and still as a statue, while thousands were assembling in the streets to look at him, and to warn him of the danger they supposed him in. The readers who have not had the pleasure of seeing this eccentric character will scarcely be able to appreciate the oddity of this freak until they become better acquainted with the Doctor in the following pages. I invited him down from his elevated position, which he seemed reluctant to leave, and he joined his party, who passed into their carriage at the door. In this moment of confusion, of escaping from the crowd and closing the door, heads were counted, and the old Doctor was missing again. A moment's observation showed, however, that his *ascending* propensity had gained him a position over their heads, as he had seated himself by the side of the driver, with his buffalo robe wrapped around him, the long and glistening blade of his spear passing out from underneath it, near to his left ear, and his vermillion face surmounted by a huge pair of buffalo horns, rising out of a crest of eagle's quills and ermine skins. Thus loaded, and at the crack of the whip, and amidst the yelling multitude that had gathered around them, did the fourteen Toways dash into the streets, to open their eyes to the sights and scenes of the great metropolis."

This new party seems to have been an object of great interest to the Society of Friends; one of whom "from the unusual shape of his dress, they called afterwards (not being able to recollect his name) *Tchon-a-wap-pa* 'the straight coat.'" It was hardly to be expected that the glories of Mr. Sykes and a repast at the Queen's table should be vouchsafed a second time to the Indians; but other courtesies were not wanting to them,—and they were very handsomely lionized.—

"Amongst the first of these kind invitations was

one from Mr. Disraeli, M.P., for the whole party to partake of a breakfast at his house, in Park Lane. This was for the next morning after the interview just described; and, not knowing or even being able to imagine what they were to see, or what sort of rules or etiquette they were to be subjected to, they were under the most restless excitement to prepare everything for it, and the greatest anxiety for the hour to approach. They were all up at an unusually early hour, preparing every trinket and every article of dress, and spent at least an hour at their toilets in putting the paint upon their faces. The Doctor had been told that he would sit down at the table amongst many very splendid ladies; and this, or some other embarrassment, had caused him to be dissatisfied with the appearance of the paint which he had put upon his face, and which he was carefully examining with his little looking-glass. He decided that it would not do, and some bear's grease and a piece of deer-skin soon removed it all. He spent another half hour with his different tints, carefully laying them with the end of his forefinger; and, displeased again, *they* were all demolished as before. Alarm about time now vexed him, and caused him to plaster with a more rapid and consequently with a more 'masterly touch.' The effect was fine! He was ready, and so were all the party, from head to foot. All their finest was on, and all were prepared for the move, when I came in at about eight o'clock to advise them of the hour at which we were to go, and which I had forgotten to mention to them the evening before. I then referred to the note of invitation, and informed them that the hour appointed was twelve o'clock. The whole party, who were at that time upon their feet around me, wrapped in their robes, their shields and quivers slung, and the choice tints upon their faces almost too carefully arranged to be exposed to the breath of the dilapidating wind, expressed a decided shock when the hour of twelve was mentioned. They smiled, and evidently thought it strange, and that some mistake had been made. Their conjectures were many and curious: some thought it was *dinner* that was meant, instead of *breakfast*; and others thought so late an hour was fixed that they might get their own breakfasts out of the way, and then give the Indians theirs by themselves. I answered, 'No, my good fellows, it is just the reverse of this; you are all wrong—it is to *breakfast* that you are invited, and lest their family, and their friends whom they have invited to meet you, should not have the honour of sitting down and eating with you, they have fixed the hour at twelve o'clock, the time that the great and fashionable people take their breakfasts. You must have your breakfasts at home at the usual hour, and take your usual *drive* before you go; so you will have plenty of time for all, and be in good humour when you go there, where you will see many fine ladies and be made very happy.' My remarks opened a new batch of difficulties to them that I had not apprehended, some of which were exceedingly embarrassing. To wait four hours, and to eat and to ride in the mean time, would be to derange the streaks of paint and also to soil many articles of dress which could not be put on excepting on very particular occasions. To take them off and put them on, and to go through the vexations of the toilet again, at eleven o'clock, was what several of the party could submit to, and others could not. As to the breakfast of huge beefsteaks and coffee which was just coming up, I had felt no apprehensions; but when it was on the table I learned that the *old Doctor* and *Wash-ka-mon-ya* and one or two others of the young men were adhering to a custom of their country, and which, in my rusticity (having been seven or eight years out of Indian life), I had at the moment lost sight of. It is the habit in their country when an Indian is invited to a feast, to go as hungry as he can, so as to be as fashionable as possible, by eating an enormous quantity, and for this purpose the invitations are generally extended some time beforehand, paying the valued compliment to the invited guest of allowing as much time as he can possibly require for starving himself and preparing his stomach by tonics taken in bitter decoctions of medicinal herbs. In this case the invitation had only been received the day before, and of course allowed them much less than the usual time to prepare to be *fashionable*. They had, however, received the infor-

mation just in time for the *Doctor* and *Wash-kem-ya* and the *Roman-nose* to avoid the annoyance of their dinners and suppers on that day, and they had now laid themselves aside in further preparation for the *feast* in which they were to be candidates for mastery in emptying plates and handling the 'knife and fork' (or 'knife and fingers') the custom of their country. In this condition, the *Doctor* particularly was a subject for the freshest amusement, or for the profoundest contemplation. With all his finery and his trinkets on, and his red and yellow paint—upon his shield, and bow and quiver lying by his side, he was straightened upon his back, with his feet crossed, as he rested in a corner of the room upon his brilliant robe, which was spread upon the floor. His little looking-glass, which was always suspended from his belt, he was holding in his hand, as he was still arranging his beautiful feathers, and contemplating the patches of red and yellow paint, and the *ensemble* of the pigments and copper color with which he was to make a sensation where he was going to *feast* (as he had been told) with ladies, an occurrence not known in the annals of the *Infiamma* country. He had resolved, on hearing the hour was *twelve*, not to eat his breakfast (which he said might do for women and children), or to take his usual ride in the bus, that he might not injure his growing appetite, or disturb a line of paint or a feather, until the hour had arrived for the honours and the luxuries that awaited them."

The Ioways, too, were, like the Ojibbewas, visited by "black coats," and a sketch made (Mr. Catlin tells us) after one of their original drawings illustrates that they appreciated the pleasures of the "white man's Paradise," and the counterbalancing penalties, at least as spiritually as the ancient Mosaicists, whose works (rated by fond enthusiasts as the beginnings of Christian Art!) are to be found in the Church at Torcello near Venice and other places of worship equally primitive. Being sworn against spirit-drinking, as a practice considered by us degrading, it may be imagined how their savage simplicity was disconcerted by the number of gin-shops which during their omnibus drives they counted—calling the same *chickabobboogs*. They also could not understand how our prisons could be visited as a show. Other traits are more touching. While the party was travelling in Scotland, the "*poopoo*" sickened.—

“During the voyage (from Edinburgh to Dundee) there was an occurrence on board of the steamer, which was related to me by Mr. Melody and Daniel, which deserves mention in this place. It seems that on board of the steamer, as a passenger, was a little girl of twelve years of age and a stranger to all on board. When, on their way, the captain was collecting his passage-money on deck, he came to the little girl for her fare, who told him she had no money, but that she expected to meet her father in Dundee, whom she was going to see, and that he would certainly pay her fare if she could find him. The captain was in a great rage, and abused the child for coming on without the money to pay her fare, and said that he should not let her go ashore, but should hold her a prisoner on board, and take her back to Edinburgh with him. The poor little girl was frightened, and cried herself almost into fits. The passengers, of whom there were a great many, all seemed affected by her situation, and began to raise the money amongst them to pay her passage, giving a penny or two apiece, which, when done, amounted to about a quarter of the sum required. The poor little girl's grief and fear still continued, and the old Doctor, standing on deck, wrapped in his robe, and watching all these results, too much touched with pity for her situation, went down in the fore-cabin where the rest of the party were, and, relating the circumstances, soon raised eight shillings, one shilling of which, the Little Wolf, after giving a shilling himself, put into the hand of his little infant, then supposed to be dying, that its dying hand might do one act of charity, and caused it to drop it into the Doctor's hand with the rest. With the money the Doctor came on deck, and, advancing, offered it to the little girl, who was frightened and ran away.

Daniel went to the girl and called her up to the Doctor, assuring her there was no need of alarm, when the old Doctor put the money into her hand, and said to her, through the interpreter, and in presence of all the passengers, who were gathered around, "Now go to the cruel captain and pay him the money, and never again be afraid of a man because his skin is red; but be always sure that the heart of a red man is as good and as kind as that of a white man. And when you are in Dundee, where we are all going, if you do not find your father as you wish, and are amongst strangers, come to us, wherever we shall be, and you shall not suffer; you shall have enough to eat, and, if money is necessary, you shall have more." * * * As I was in anxious expectation of their arrival, I met the party with carriages when they landed, and I was pained to learn that the babe of the Little Wolf, which he had wrapped and embraced in his arms, was dying, and it breathed its last at the moment they entered the apartments that were prepared for them. My heart was broken to see the agony that this noble fellow was in, embracing his little boy, and laying him down in the last gasp of death, in a foreign land; and amongst strangers. We all wept for the heartbroken parents, and also for the dear little "Coursir" as he was called (from the name of the steamer on which he was born, on the Ohio river in the United States). We had all become attached to the little fellow, and his death caused a gloom amongst the whole party. The old Doctor looked more sad than ever, and evidently beheld the symptoms of *Roman-nose* as more alarming than they had been. A council was called, as the first step after their arrival, and a pipe was passed around in solemn silence; after which it was used by the War-chief if I knew of any of the "good people" in that town; to which I answered, that "I was a stranger there, and did not know of any one." It seemed it was an occasion on which they felt that it would be an unusual pleasure to meet some of them, as the Little Wolf and his wife had expressed a wish to find some. It occurred then to Mr. Melody that he had a letter to a lady in that town, and, on delivering it, found she was one of that society, and, with another kind friend, she called and administered comfort to these wretched parents in the midst of their distress. They brought the necessary clothes for the child's remains, and, when we had the coffin prepared, laid it out with the kindest hands, and prepared it for the grave; and their other continued kind offices tended to soothe the anguished breasts of the parents while we remained there. It is a subject of regret to me that I have lost the names of those two excellent ladies, to whom my public acknowledgments are so justly due. After they had laid the remains of the child in the coffin, each of the young men of the party ran a knife through the fleshy part of their left arms, and, drawing a white feather through the wounds, deposited the feathers with the blood on them in the coffin with the body. This done, the father and mother brought all they possessed, excepting the clothes which they had on, and presented to them, according to the custom of their country, and also all the fine presents they had received, their money, trinkets, weapons, &c. This is one of the curious modes of that tribe, and is considered necessary to be performed in all cases where a child dies. The parents are bound to give away all they possess in the world. I believe, however, that it is understood that, after a certain time, these goods are returned, and oftentimes with increased treasures attending them."

Generally, indeed, alms-giving seems to have been an instinct among these simple people. Poor *Roman-nose*—to whom allusion is made in the above—had been for some time delicate. He died in a hospital in Liverpool.—

"He said repeatedly to Jeffrey that he should live but so many days, and afterwards so many hours, and seemed to be perfectly resigned to the change that was to take place. He said that his time had come; he was going to the beautiful hunting-grounds, where he would soon see his friends who had gone before him: he said that when he shut his eyes he could plainly see them, and he felt sure it was only to change the society of his friends here for that of his dear parents and other friends, and he was now anxious to be with them. He said the road might be long, but it did

not matter where he started from; the Great Spirit had promised him strength to reach it. He told his friend *Bobasheela* that in his pouch he would find some money, with which he wished him to buy some of the best vermilion, and, if possible, some green paint, such as *Chippelola* used to get for him in London, and have them put in his pouch with his flint and steel, and to be sure to be placed in his grave, that he might be able to make his face look well among his friends where he was going. He wished him, and Daniel also, to have his arrows examined in his quiver, and repaired with new and sharp blades, as he recollected that, before he was sick, many of them were injured by shooting at the target, and during his illness others might have been destroyed. He had requested his silver medal, which was given to him by the American government for saving the lives of ten of his defenceless enemies, to be suspended by a blue ribbon over his head while he was sick, that he might see it until he died, and in that position it hung when I was last with him—his eyes were upon it, and his smile, until he drew his last breath. After his death his friend *Bobasheela*, and Jeffrey and the Doctor, laid him in his coffin, and, placing in it, according to the Indian mode, his faithful bow and quiver of arrows, his pipe and tobacco to last him through the 'journey he was to perform,' having dressed him in all his finest clothes, and painted his face, and placed his bow and quiver and his pouch by his side, and his medal on his breast, the coffin was closed, and his remains were buried, attended by his faithful friends around him, by the officers of the institution, and many citizens, who sympathized in his unlucky fate."

We will close our extracts with this sad scene;—leaving the French adventures of the Ioways untouched. But we must add a word or two of comment. To a subsequent party of eleven Ojibbeways who joined Mr. Catlin the climate and the life of Europe proved yet more fatal; and our author is now as earnest as he is wise in pointing out the fruitlessness, if not worse, of these visits to England, for those who cannot reap large additions to their happiness by the imperfect knowledge of civilization which they acquire—while in the process of learning they are exposed to many chances of detriment. Such a corollary, however, by way of philanthropic warning to future speculators, reads amusingly enough at the close of ebullitions of triumph, records of excitement, and reckonings-up of profit, such as fill our *Showman's History of the American Indians in England and France*. It is to be feared that Mr. Catlin's experiences and moralizings are calculated to neutralize each other; and that the latter no less than the former may partake of the qualities of the razors immortalized by the humorous rhymester—being wares made "not to shave, but to sell!"

On the expected Return of the Great Comet of 1264 and 1556. By J. R. Hind. Hoby.

Mr. Hind has a planet in each hand—and a right to throw one or both at any person soever who shall say that a prediction from him is not to be listened to with attention. The pamphlet before us is a detail of the grounds on which he expects the return, in the present year, of the very remarkable comet which startled the world in 1264, — and which appeared again, if he be correct, in 1556.

As astronomy makes progress, its followers become daring by habit. Newton could only explain some of the effects which the sun's disturbance produces on the moon's motion, — and he had to leave the most important developments of the planetary system to posterity. But our day has reversed the problem, and has shown us a planet discovered by those very inequalities which Newton could not even have deduced from the planet. When Halley predicted the return of his celebrated comet, he had three well-observed appearances to begin

with; three deduced orbits, differing little from each other, and all constructed upon the results of what was, for the time, the closest observation. And yet he ventured upon his announcement with diffidence, and looked upon its success, if it succeeded, as what was to form a great epoch in astronomy. He was right throughout,—right in his announcement, right in his diffidence, right in his appreciation of the result. Mr. Hind stands at this moment upon similar ground. He has ventured a doubtful prediction upon circumstances which are to our day of a difficulty at least equal to those upon which Halley founded his researches. He has not got three orbits of observation, nor even two. The comet was observed in 1556 with astronomical instruments, and recorded in numerical terms; but the descriptions of 1264 are only those of the unassisted view—that is, unaided by measuring instruments. It rose in this region, it moved into that region, it showed itself in this constellation or that. From such vague data an attempt has been made to construct an orbit for it, not from observation, but from a description of such sort, only probably not so accurate, as a Chaldean shepherd might have given. And it turns out that the orbit so constructed tallies so nearly with that deduced from observations of the comet of 1556, or from a chart made from observations, that the astronomer of our day imagines it to be very likely that the two bodies are the same:—in which case we know we may expect it again shortly.

The world at large takes astronomical predictions in a singularly absolute sense. If the head of a great observatory were to announce that a comet would at a certain day and hour crack our earth at the mouth of the Elbe, and, fetching a circuit through the interior, emerge again with the city of Madrid on its back, which last it would safely deposit on the planet Mercury, and then go its way into space,—the odds are that he would find a large number of believers, and Spanish stock would fall low even—for it. We have been frequently told that a comet is to appear this year—that it has been predicted. Now, our readers will perhaps see, from our slight description, that, though no doubt there is a comet at issue on the question, the point of most importance to be settled is, whether the vague descriptions of the middle ages are good enough to make it worth while to attempt to work out rough modern orbits from them? If the comet—not a comet, but a comet having the same or nearly the same orbit—appears, then we know that the question can be answered in the affirmative. If it do not appear, then the probable answer is in the negative. From all that can be judged, the return of the luminary of 1556 is, as Mr. Hind calls it, "an event of at least fair probability." But let it appear or not, he has settled his question. This much it is due to Mr. Hind to state, because many persons have the notion that he has predicted a comet with the certainty of assertion which might be applied to an eclipse.

With regard to the particular composition of this pamphlet:—its author has given a full account, from the original authorities, of the appearances of 1264, and has not shrunk from the task of examining the old chronicles, upwards of a score of which refer to it. He has given the astronomer every help which could be desired in looking for it. Should it arrive, he will have a success which the world at large can understand,—and they will give him fame accordingly. But even in the other case, he will not fail to command among astronomers—who have other materials for their judgment—the credit due to skilful, energetic, and we believe well-directed exertion.

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby.
By Charles Dickens. Chapman & Hall.

To this new and cheap edition of perhaps the best of Mr. Dickens's works—now completed—we are induced to do more than merely refer by the new Preface which the author has furnished: wherein he gives some pleasant particulars of the manner in which he sought the sketches for his well-known picture of the Yorkshire schools.—

"I cannot call to mind, now, [he says] how I came to hear about Yorkshire schools when I was a not very robust child, sitting in bye-places, near Rochester Castle, with a head full of PARTRIDGE, STRAP, TOM PIPES, and SANCHE PANZA; but I know that my first impressions of them were picked up at that time, and that they were somehow or other, connected with a suppurated abscess that some boy had come home with, in consequence of his Yorkshire guide, philosopher, and friend, having ripped it open with an inky penknife. The impression made upon me, however made, never left me. I was always curious about them—fell, long afterwards, and at sundry times, into the way of hearing more about them—at last, having an audience, resolved to write about them. With that intent I went down into Yorkshire before I began this book, in very severe winter-time which is pretty faithfully described herein. As I wanted to see a schoolmaster or two, and was forewarned that those gentlemen might, in their modesty, be shy of receiving a visit from the author of the 'Pickwick Papers,' I consulted with a professional friend here, who had a Yorkshire connection, and with whom I concerted a pious fraud. He gave me some letters of introduction, in the name, I think, of my travelling companion; they bore reference to a supposititious little boy who had been left with a widowed mother who did not know what to do with him; the poor lady had thought, as a means of thawing the tardy compassion of her relations in his behalf, of sending him to a Yorkshire school; I was the poor lady's friend, travelling that way; and if the recipient of the letter could inform me of a school in his neighbourhood, the writer would be very much obliged. I went to several places in that part of the country where I understood these schools to be most plentifully sprinkled, and had no occasion to deliver a letter until I came to a certain town which shall be nameless. The person to whom it was addressed was not at home; but he came down at night, through the snow, to the inn where I was staying. It was after dinner; and he needed little persuasion to sit down by the fire in a warm corner, and take his share of the wine that was on the table. I am afraid he is dead now. I recollect he was a jovial, ruddy, broad-faced man; that we got acquainted directly; and that we talked on all kinds of subjects, except the school, which he showed a great anxiety to avoid. Was there any large school near? I asked him, in reference to the letter. 'Oh yes,' he said; 'there was a pretty big 'un.'—'Was it a good one?' I asked.—'Ey!' he said, 'it was as good as another, that was a' matter of opinion;' and fell to looking at the fire, staring round the room, and whistling a little. On my reverting to some other topic that we had been discussing, he recovered immediately; but, though I tried him again and again, I never approached the question of the school, even if he were in the middle of a laugh, without observing that his countenance fell, and that he became uncomfortable. At last, when we had passed a couple of hours or so, very agreeably, he suddenly took up his hat, and leaning over the table and looking me full in the face, said, in a low voice: 'Weel, Mither, we've been very pleasant toogather, and ar'll spak' my mind, tiv'ee. Dinnot let the weeder send her little boy to yan o' our school-measters, while there's a horse to hoid in a' Lunnon, or a gootther to lie asleep in. Ar wouldn't mak' ill words among my neeburs, and ar speak tiv'ee quiet loike. But I'm dom'd if ar can gang to bed and not tellee, for weeder's sak,' to keep the little boy from a' sike secondrels while there's a horse to hoid in a' Lunnon, or a gootther to lie asleep in!' Repeating these words with great heartiness, and with a solemnity on his jolly face that made it look twice as large as before, he shook hands and went away.

I never saw him afterwards, but I sometimes imagine that I descry a faint recollection of him in John Browdie."

One more extract we will make from the same Preface. In the original Preface to the book, Mr. Dickens had been induced to state that the *Brothers Cheryble* were portraits—that the originals were yet alive—and that "their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence * * * were prompting every day (and oftentimes by stealth) some munificent and generous deed in that town of which they were the pride and honour." Of this admission Mr. Dickens has had to pay the penalty.—

"If [he says] I were to attempt to sum up the hundreds upon hundreds of letters, from all sorts of people in all sorts of latitudes and climates, to which this unlucky paragraph has since given rise, I should get into an arithmetical difficulty from which I could not easily extricate myself. Suffice it to say that I believe the applications for loans, gifts, and offices of profit that I have been requested to forward to the originals of the *BROTHERS CHERYBLE* (with whom I never interchanged any communication in my life), would have exhausted the combined patronage of all the Lord Chancellors since the accession of the House of Brunswick, and would have broken the Rest of the Bank of England."

Mr. Dickens further in this Preface defends the imperfection of his hero's character. If Nicholas, he says, "be not always found to be blameless or agreeable, he is not always intended to appear so. He is a young man of an impetuous temper and of little or no experience; and I saw no reason why such a hero should be lifted out of nature."

The Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy. By John Stuart Mill.

[Second Notice.]

UNTIL the publication in 1829 of the philosophical fiction called 'A Letter from Sydney' by Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, there was an economical error in the way of any successful scheme of colonization. Societies of men might transplant themselves to the antipodes and propose the erection of a colony, but whether their adventure turned out in the end to be a New England or an Upper Canada was very much a matter of accident. The object of emigration at that time was the acquisition of land. The mechanic who knew no more of agriculture than he knew of metaphysics aspired to possess at least a group of acres, and the wealthy projector of a city was hardly content with less than the area of a Yorkshire Riding. The evil of this mistaken appetite for land was sufficiently apparent long before it came to be understood why it was an evil,—and still longer before the happy idea of an effectual remedy was expounded by Mr. Wakefield. In a country where every man is a landed proprietor and every man is the proprietor of more land than by his own labour and the labour of his family he can adequately cultivate, there is of necessity this dilemma:—the whole society are agriculturists, and still the agriculture of the whole society—purely because agriculture is their only art and their only resource—is barely sufficient to maintain them in a primitive stage of civilization. There are no towns, because any combination of dwellings which can be decently called by such a name is incompatible with the diffusion of an insignificant number of persons over an immense surface, and the exercise by every individual head of a family of the prerogatives of a lord paramount within a larger or a smaller radius round his own place of abode. Now that the cure has been discovered, it appears to be a piece of most incredible dulness that it did not suggest itself on

the very first recital of the facts. It is this divine property of being natural without being obvious, which so clearly distinguishes the efforts of genius—from the wit of 'The School for Scandal' to the philosophy of the *Principia*—from the counterfeitings of a servile imitation. The object of Mr. Wakefield's book, to use the words of one of its most candid critics, was "to prove that the root of all evil in a new colony is the superabundance of territory in proportion to the labouring population,—that by fixing a sufficient price upon new land and requiring the money to be paid down it would be at once arrested,—and that by applying the proceeds of all future sales to introduce labouring families it would be speedily removed." It must be confessed that few new doctrines of political economy have sooner obtained a practical reception than what is called the Wakefield theory of colonization. It was taken under the patronage of a select and by no means unimportant society of persons as early as 1830; and in the course of 1831 Lord Ripon, we believe, so far gave it the adhesion of the Colonial Office as to prohibit thenceforward any of those absurd and extravagant devices of "blocks" of land to men who, utterly unable to occupy, have left them to be so many barriers and nuisances in the path of subsequent improvement. Beyond this point, even at the distance of twenty years, we have scarcely proceeded. There can be no great rashness in believing that posterity will look upon our supineness for so long a period upon so vital a question with an amazement and indignation not much less intense than the kindred emotions with which the educated men of the present age regard the pertinacious enforcement of the Stamp Act upon the countrymen of Franklin and Patrick Henry. Surely there can be no greater reproach to the statesmen of a practical people than that upon a subject declared on all hands to be divested of theoretical uncertainties and every way ripe for action, they should permit the fifth part of a century to elapse without any respectable attempt to attach the first rudimental machinery to a great and peculiarly safe idea. This licence of procrastination is now drawing rapidly to a close; and it is becoming no longer a distant but an actual fact that emigration to our colonies must be taken systematically into account by every government of this country as a method of accomplishing by the same process a direct relief of our own crowded cities and a new source of demand for the commodities which those cities mainly produce. The wide wildernesses of Canada, the prolific regions of the Cape, the spacious surface of Australia, the congenial climate and the fertile valleys of New Zealand must all of them become to us what the prairies of Iowa and Wisconsin have long been to the enterprising descendants of the men of our own blood and lineage who planted the settlements in the Bay of Massachusetts.

We are glad that upon this topic of emigration Mr. Mill has declared himself fully and emphatically. He adopts entirely the Wakefield view of the true economical conditions under which infant societies planted in a new country can alone preserve themselves from again relapsing into a state of rudeness; and insists, with the earnestness of a man who speaks in the presence of a danger which appears to him to be real, that one of the first things to be done to better the condition of our people is to raise the status of the mass by diminishing the pressure of the mass upon the means of employment.

"Individuals," he says, "often struggle upwards into a condition of ease; but the utmost that can be expected from a whole people is to maintain themselves in it; and improvements in the

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habits and requirements of the mass of unskilled day-labourers will be difficult and tardy, unless means can be contrived of raising the entire body to a state of tolerable comfort and maintaining them in it until a new generation grows up. Towards effecting this object there are two resources available, without wrong to any one, without any of the liabilities of mischief attendant on voluntary or legal charity, and not only without weakening, but, on the contrary, strengthening every incentive to industry and every motive to forethought. The first is a great national measure of colonization. I mean a grant of public money sufficient to remove at once, and establish in the colonies, a considerable fraction of the youthful agricultural population. By giving the preference, as Mr. Wakefield proposes, to young couples, or, when these cannot be obtained, to families with children nearly grown up, the expenditure would be made to go the farthest possible towards accomplishing the end, while the colonies would be supplied with the greatest amount of what is there in deficiency and here in superfluity—present and prospective labour. It has been shown by others, and the grounds of the opinion will be exhibited in a subsequent chapter of the present work—that colonization on an adequate scale might be so conducted as to cost the country nothing—or nothing that would not be certainly repaid; and that the funds required even by way of advance would not be drawn from the capital employed in maintaining labour, but from that surplus which cannot find employment at such profit as constitutes an adequate remuneration for the abstinence of the possessor and which is therefore sent abroad for investment or wasted at home in reckless speculations. That portion of the income of the country which is habitually ineffective for any purpose of benefit to the labouring class, would bear any draught which it could be necessary to make on it for the amount of emigration which is here in view. To the case of Ireland in her present crisis of transition, colonization as the exclusive remedy is, I conceive, unsuitable. The Irish are nearly the worst adapted people in Europe for settlers in the wilderness, nor should the founders of nations, destined perhaps to be the most powerful in the world, be drawn principally from the least civilized and least improved inhabitants of old countries. It is most fortunate, therefore, that the unoccupied lands of Ireland herself afford a resource so nearly adequate to the emergency as reduces emigration to a rank nearly subsidiary. In England and Scotland, with a population much less excessive and better adapted to a settler's life, colonization must be the chief resource for easing the labour market and improving the condition of the existing generation of labourers so materially as to raise the permanent standard of habits in the generation following. But England, too, has waste lands, though less extensive than those of Ireland—and the second resource would be to devote all common land hereafter brought into cultivation to raising up a class of small proprietors. It has long enough been the practice to take these lands from public use for the mere purpose of adding to the domains of the rich. It is time that what is left of them should be retained as an estate sacred to the benefit of the poor. The machinery for administering it already exists, having been created by the General Inclosure Act. What I would propose (though I confess with small hope of its being soon adopted) is, that in all future cases in which common land is permitted to be inclosed, such portion should first be sold or assigned as is sufficient to compensate the owners of manorial or common rights, and that the remainder should be divided into sections of five acres or thereabouts to be conferred in absolute property on families of the labouring class who would reclaim and bring them into cultivation by their own labour. The preference should be given to such families, and there are many of them, as had saved enough to maintain them until their first crop was got in, or whose character was such as to induce some responsible person to advance them the requisite amount on their personal security. The tools, the manure and, in some cases, the subsistence also, might be supplied by the parish or by the state; interest for the advance at the rate yielded by the public funds being laid on as a perpetual quitrent, with power to the peasant to redeem it at any time for a moderate number of years' purchase."

Mr. Mill conceives that the benefit to be obtained from this union of home and foreign colonization would depend most intimately upon the extent to which both plans were simultaneously carried out; and in this probably he is very much in the right. There appears good reason to believe that the piecemeal emigration so far promoted by the Poor Law Commissioners has done little or nothing to relieve the immediate amount of pauperism, even in the close vicinity of the parishes of the people removed.

Mr. Mill's proposal for dealing with the evils of Ireland is analogous to his scheme of peasant proprietorship as a means in the second degree for elevating the condition of the English poor. His fundamental reliance upon the redeeming influence of small properties is based upon a conclusion, the result of extensive investigation,—that the moral and educational effects upon the population of a minute division of the soil are quite compatible with an agriculture as effective, or very nearly as effective, as can be practised on a more extensive system of cultivation. In fewer words, Mr. Mill believes that economically the *petite culture* is quite, or almost quite, as productive as the *grande culture*,—and that in every spiritual sense, as a sustainer of self-respect and a promoter of all customs and restraints which can preserve a people from the squalor of extreme indigence, there is no institution of which we have any knowledge that can be placed in the same line of comparison. With this conclusion we are very much disposed to agree. We cannot, perhaps, congratulate ourselves on having reached a state of such intense enthusiasm on the question as appears to have got possession of the vigorous understanding of Mr. Laing. There are still several essential points upon which a difference of opinion may reasonably exist—and Mr. Mill has the candour to confess this. He has the candour, for example, to admit that it is still dubious whether a given area of small farms will produce as much gross produce, *ceteris paribus*, as a like area cultivated upon the large farm economy. Leaving this subject, however, let us revert to Mr. Mill's measures of Irish relief.

In the first place, we cannot altogether allow the accuracy of Mr. Mill's strongly expressed opinion, that the immense social differences between the two islands of the United Kingdom are wholly and purely differences occasioned by bad laws and disastrous circumstances. Let us not be misunderstood. We should regard it as an abuse of language and an utter repudiation of facts to maintain for a moment that bad laws and a series of misfortunes have had nothing to do with producing that climax of all social wretchedness which we call the present state of Ireland. But surely it is as palpable a departure from every principle of sound argument—as such principles apply to this question—to affirm categorically that the ills of Ireland are the ills of legislation, as it is to affirm that the ills of Ireland are the perennial patrimony of a perverse and incompetent race. We may rest assured that this enormous discrepancy of conclusion belongs to that wide class of difficulties which are cut in two by an intermediate term. Surely the Irish people is not the only people who have ever had to contend against the evils of conquest, against a formidable aristocracy, against an overgrown church, and against an unjust partition of the soil. It does not require any profound familiarity with the story of the European communities to put us in possession of a parallel case within a recent period, and where the external circumstances were every way less propitious than was at any time possible within the boundaries of one of the most fertile spots in the temperate zone. It has never been

supposed that the hardy race who have conquered most of the country from Dunkirk to the Elbe from the complete or partial possession of the sea had the advantage of prosecuting their gigantic enterprise under the stimulus of foreign aid, or even free from the molestation of foreign aggression. We take it that the ancient Counts of Flanders were as little addicted to a forgetfulness of their prerogative as any of the followers of Strongbow. We cannot believe that it was more difficult for the Irishman to obtain subsistence from his teeming fisheries or from his grateful soil, and at the same time redress his wrongs and defend his liberty, than it was for the Hollander to stand up against the Austrian and the Spaniard at the very moment when his subsistence was dependent upon the tardy and doubtful produce of the worst soil and the most miserable country on this side of Lapland. Mr. Mill may rely upon it that no exclusively economical theory can reconcile discrepancies like these. The difference is not in the material—it is in the men. The impediment is not in the opposing force, but in the quality and endurance of the effort by which that opposing force is encountered. You may call the Irishman a Celt or a Milesian or by what other generic name you please, and you may call the Hollander a Saxon or a Teuton, by the same rule; these are questions of classification which do not concern the main point:—but so long as different manifestations of the same qualities shall be regarded among men as grounds for entertaining different opinions and enforcing different rules of conduct, so long it appears to us that it will be as great a solecism to confound all the inhabitants of Europe into one indiscriminate group, as to permit no distinction between Europeans and Asiatics or between the inhabitants of China and the Aborigines from whom they are separated by Behring's Straits.

This premonitory explanation of our difference with Mr. Mill leaves us quite at liberty to indicate and approve his plans of Irish remedy. The circumstance that Mr. Mill has the sagacity or the courage to mingle a larger share of *optimism* with his philosophy than ourselves can be no reason for rejecting counsels which, whether or not they produce an Utopia, will at least conduce to that comparatively happier state of things which is the common object of all who at present concern themselves with Ireland. To secure that common object, we are willing to go the lengths almost of those who go the furthest; for surely few efforts can be overstrained to assuage in some degree the dire condition of the Irish portion of the United Kingdom,—to substitute for the fierce and ruthless licence of its disturbed districts the supremacy of order and the confidence which springs from a loyal obedience to the law,—to give the reward of his labour to the husbandman and the opportunities of work to the poor,—to extend the luxuriance of an active agriculture over a wider breadth of its fertile soil,—and to raise above the level of a disorganized herd prone to rapine and subsisting upon the meanest diet in Christendom an ingenious and often a generous people.

Mr. Mill shall speak for himself.—

"I presume it is needless to expend any argument in proving that the very foundation of the economical evils of Ireland is the cottier system; that while peasant rents fixed by competition are the practice of the country, to expect industry and useful activity, any restraint on population but death, or even the smallest diminution of poverty, is to look for figs on thistles and grapes on thorns. * * Cottiers, therefore, must cease to be. Nothing can be done for Ireland without transforming her rural population from cottier tenants into something else. But into what? Those who, knowing neither Ireland nor any foreign country, take as their sole standard of social and economical

amount of it to his circulation as upon the supposition that he could insure fine weather for a week. Mr. Mill may depend upon it that if prices are unduly sustained by bankers on the eve of a panic the extinction of every bank note to-morrow would not cure the evil—if evil it be, which is a point to be disputed; and perhaps the best confirmation of this view of the subject may be found in the circumstance that at least nine-tenths of all such advances are made in Middlesex and Lancashire by bankers who have not, nor ever had, the privilege of a local paper currency.

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THE ROYAL AND OTHER SOCIETIES.

May 29.

In your paper of Saturday last F.R.S. proposes a union of all the scientific Societies; and, in furtherance of his plan, he states that many members of the councils of the "smaller Societies" are anxious for something of the kind. I am not aware whether your correspondent means by a "smaller Society" any Society which is not the Royal, or one of the smaller of such Societies. In the former case, I should like to state, as one who has been on the council of a large "smaller" Society long enough to see the golden numbers through, that I do not remember hearing any such suggestion made either at the council, or privately by any member of that particular one. There is all respect for other Societies—but no perception of any advantage (or disadvantage either) likely to arise to us or to them from any attempt at union, so far as I know. Of course there may be other Societies in which a different feeling prevails; but I cannot think that there actually exists so much attention to the point, either way, as your correspondent supposes.

Many years ago, when several Societies happened to be for the moment unhoused, I remember that there was a disposition (without much action) to inquire whether it would not be feasible for several Societies to have apartments in union, without mixture either of funds or of management. It was seen that one meeting-room would do for all, as they meet on different days of the week,—that their books might be separately arranged in one library under one librarian,—and that they might have their several secretaries' rooms, committee rooms, &c. Had it been one of those times in which capital runs about looking after speculators, instead of *vice versa*, some building would have taken the risk and the rents,—and the model lodging-house for scientific associations would now have been an English castle instead of a Spanish one. But the notion dropped without any effort to maintain it.

There is, I think, much to be said on both sides of the question as to a plan for closer union. A union of funds I take to be impossible:—we should have endless discussion about the share in which the common wealth was to be divided among mathematics, geology, astronomy, zoology, &c. &c. A council divided into sections would work as so many different councils in one building, if they administered distinct funds. But there would be a clear advantage in the union with which the sections could be united for a common deliberation on any general question. After all, so far as details of management are concerned,

such union as seems practicable with any attainable amount of exertion would probably be gained by the mere proximity of residence. And of this I am sure, that the model lodging-house once established as a beginning would either lead to a closer union or show it to be impracticable.

Against the plan there is to be urged that it would destroy the useful effect of division of risks. At present, one Society may be for the time inert or languishing, another in full activity. Whether a junction would tend rather to make the latter pull forward the former, or the former drag upon the latter,—or whether, if there were a little of both, the common centre of gravity would be accelerated or retarded,—it is beyond my sagacity to settle. I will merely observe that I have been told yawning is infectious—though I never heard the same of running. There is another point which I should like to touch only allusively. Among the terms of astrology we find that, besides direct and retrograde, there is *combust*. Robinson Crusoe divided his gunpowder into different parcels, so that a blow-up in one part of the mass might be without danger to the rest. He was a sensible man—Robinson Crusoe.

Might not a representative body, an Amphictyonic council, be formed by delegates from the different Societies? There is no charism, to speak of, among them,—and the act against open and advised speaking would probably not be offended against. Though not personally cognizant of the state of the Royal Society, it seems to me that if it be such as your correspondent intimates nothing would be more useful than the effect of the opinion of a general body upon such a society, as transmitted home through its delegates.

Among your correspondents on this subject is one who seems inclined to dwell upon the original institution of the Royal Society for the promotion of *natural knowledge*, as giving what are now called the *natural sciences* (those of animal and vegetable organization) a peculiar standing. But it is to be remembered that that word *natural* is the translation of *physica*,—and though not excluding zoology, such as it then was, it had a particular reference to physics. We see it in the term *natural philosophy*, and in that of *natural and experimental philosophy*, where *natural* refers to the old physics and *experimental* is meant to express the junction of the new. We should now say, what can natural philosophy mean as distinguished from experimental? As to the original formation of the Royal Society, we can judge of the intention by the names of its first promoters; Wilkins, Wallis, Foster, Haak, mathematicians and astronomers—Goddard, Ent, Glisson, Merret, doctors of medicine.

Zoology was not very forward at that time. Eighteen years after the first germ of the Society began to exist it was discussed at a meeting of the body, then chartered, whether or no sprats were young herrings? The question was settled in the negative. Q. R. S.

* * We open our columns to varieties of opinion on this subject, because we are glad to have the question discussed. Out of such a discussion there must come ultimate gain. Our own views in the matter generally are well known to our readers; but there are questions of detail, such as our present correspondent rather indicates than argues, out of the fair and full examination of which will be likely to come the due amount of central institution and joint organization of which the societies are susceptible with a view to their good working.

June 1.

There is little probability, it is to be feared, of that desirable union of the Scientific Societies suggested by your correspondent, F.R.S., without assistance from the State,—and just that assistance which is freely accorded to the body of which he is a member. The trifling progress of the natural sciences in this country, compared with the value of the materials at hand, is mainly owing to the expense and difficulties of publication; the funds of the Learned Societies being all more or less absorbed by the cost of apartments and subordinate officers. To take an example:—The venerable Society of which I have the honour to be a Fellow, comprehending amongst its members an harmonious union of naturalists, has not been nearly able to meet its expenses during the past

year;—and its printer's bill, which involves the chief expenditure in the cause of science, is upwards of two years in arrear,—whilst no more than 20% could be spared, upon existing engagements, to the library, the most important of its kind in Europe. The cause of this state of insolvency is twofold:—it arises, first, from many of the Fellows having seceded to form other more specific Societies, each located in a separate suite of apartments; and, secondly, from the necessity which is felt by the parent Society of supporting a suitable house for its library and collections,—the old mansion of Sir Joseph Banks, containing, besides other accommodation, a noble meeting-room, which is occupied only sixteen evenings in the year. It may easily be conceived how large a proportion of funds, under the present system of exclusiveness, is swallowed up through each department of science requiring to be provided with a separate suite of rooms, library and attendants; whilst many important memoirs are unwillingly dismissed with a brief analysis in the 'Proceedings,' from motives of economy, that would otherwise be published entire, with illustrations, in the 'Transactions.'

To obtain a scientific appropriation of the funds subscribed for scientific purposes, the Societies must assemble, in their several vocations divided equally as now, under the same roof. Let us combine to petition the State for this accommodation, that we may be enabled to expend our funds in the cause for which we are associated. It surely would not be withheld,—especially from Institutions incorporated by royal charter, with royalty for their patrons. But if this communion of place cannot be obtained from the State, the Societies might accomplish it for themselves, at a saving on the present system. One meeting-room, one council-room, and one set of attendants would suffice for a dozen Societies, meeting two evenings in the month; and as the principle of combination advances, we might assemble together at intervals, after the manner of the British Association,—forming a general union of the Republic of Letters under the banner of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, so eloquently and feelingly described by the worthy Secretary of the Linnean Society at the late anniversary festival. F.L.S.

* * The letter of our correspondent does little more than repeat the argument which we have ourselves long since maintained [see *Athen.* No. 964]. But as we have now returned to that argument with a desire to bring it once more before the public and the members of learned bodies,—as iteration is a useful power in argumentation,—and as our correspondent furnishes a specific instance enforcing our views,—we willingly make room for his communication.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Pisa, May 5.

Pisa is perhaps more wholly a city of the Past than any other still existing in Italy as a living inhabited haunt of men:—and I should not have selected it as the subject of a letter at a moment when the immediate Present is so pregnant with exciting interest had it not chanced that I enjoyed the good fortune of passing one or two evenings with the most distinguished citizen its old walls inclose,—the Professore Rosini.

I had been gazing at the muster of a company of volunteers about to depart for Lombardy to fight the Austrians—I had been reading the lists of electors "for the borough of Pisa," affixed, as provided by the recently enacted law, to the doors of the town-hall, in preparation for the election of the parliament of Tuscany—I had been perusing a discussion in the *Patria* on certain fundamental questions ancient the constitution of society and the bases of civil polity,—and thus prepared, as Priessnitz prepares his hydro-pathic patients for the cold plunge by heating them up to fever heat, I stepped from the glowing atmosphere of the street across the threshold of the Professore's cool old palazzo, and from the fervid bustle and strife of this vigorous, young, noisy era to the pleasant tranquillity of his cosy old-world gossip,—and felt that the two scenes were a good half century asunder. No circumstances of contrast could have been imagined more calculated to bring vividly before the imagination the change which the last half century has operated

in the life, thoughts, manners, and habits of Italy. A great portion of this change, it is true, has been the work of the last twelve months. But it is also true that the Italians, whom we railway-going folks have been wont to deem stationary, have been, almost imperceptibly perhaps, moving for many years past. The conversation of the time-honoured old Professor gave an amusing evidence of the fact. The minute hand had been unable to appreciate the progress of his neighbour the hour hand; but the Professor's remembrances of his youth still pointed to that spot of the dial at which the passing hour had then stood,—and the interval that has been traversed became apparent.

Prof. Rosini has filled the chair which he now holds in the University of Pisa for 44 years,—and has nearly reached his 80th year. But these years, spent in the tranquil and unanxious pursuit of his favourite branches of literature, though they have silvered his hair and added no small portion of portliness to his tall and athletic figure, have neither dimmed his eye nor impaired the extremely expressive and beautiful play of his mouth. Indeed, the octogenarian Professor must have been an eminently handsome man;—and he is still one of those whose conversation gains additional zest from the speaking features that assist in conveying to the hearer and beholder each shade of feeling and every varying hue of humour.

In the early years of the present century there existed in Florence a literary society, which seems to have been calculated to remind us in some respects of the Hôtel de Rambouillet coterie, so well known to us through Madame de Sévigné and others. Dilettanteism was still flourishing in those days on the banks of Arno and of Tiber in full vigour,—if, indeed, vigour can be at all predicated of so gentle, dull, and lack-a-daisically insipid a plant. Learned Arcadians were yet calling each other nick-names out of Lemprière's dictionary. Pretty poetesses were still receiving laurel crowns awarded to them in solemn conclave; and dapper Abates with well-turned legs and neat feet were frequenting ladies' drawing-rooms, and making very intelligible love through the medium of a very unintelligible decent mythological gibberish. Amid this world of gentle Arcadian namby-pambyism, however, some taller and more stalwart figures moved whose names have survived, and a few who will survive:—Cesarotti, Raphael Morghen, Pignotti, Pindemonti, Casti, Gianni, Salomone Fiorentino, Fantoni, Lampredi, &c., were the larger stars of the Florentine galaxy. It was in the drawing-rooms of three noble ladies more especially,—“La Bellini,” “La Fantastici,” and “La Fabroni”—that this optimist butterfly society used to meet, read each other's poetry, and regale themselves with appropriate *eau sucrée*.

It was amongst these scenes that those days of the veteran *littérateur's* life were spent which the old ordinarily were wont to look back on with fond partiality as “*le bon vieux temps*.” And it is of them that the lively and good-natured old man best loves to talk and to pour out his store of anecdote and reminiscence. I spoke of the new constitution granted by Pio Nono. But he replied by recounting to me how Cesarotti read the first book of his proposed translation of the ‘*Iliad*’ one night at the house of “La Fabroni,”—and how all the assembly were amazed at the fire and vigour of the sexagenarian poet as he recited his really noble rendering of the opening of the great epic. Nor did he forget to remind us, on behalf of his old friend of the good old classic school, that Alfieri has himself said, in his ‘*Life*,’ that “for the art of blank verse, he would seek no other models for it than Virgil, Cesarotti, and himself.”

The great tragic poet himself was occasionally a guest in the Florentine salons,—and moved among the host of poetasters an acknowledged triton among the minnows. You may remember, perhaps, a little sentence of his own expressive of the impression left on his mind by the society of these same drawing-rooms. Speaking of writing epigrams, he says (Epoch 4, chap. 2, of his ‘*Life*’),—“The Florentine pedants afforded me a rich subject for a little exercise in that new art.” There were exceptions, however, to this estimate of the Florentine *littérateurs* by the great bard. Rosini bore eager testimony to the high consideration entertained by Alfieri for several among them:—and, in proof of his assertion, referred to an autograph letter of the poet to Lampredi, now in his

own possession. As it is interesting in itself, and has never been published except in a small ‘*Elogio*’ of the Professor's, which he put out in 1813 on occasion of the death of his old friend “La Fabroni”—a publication little likely to have found its way across the Alps,—I think a translation of it will not be uninteresting to readers of Alfieri. The letter was written from Rome but it has no date.

“At last! at last, *parturient montes*,—and who knows what they will bring forth! Four tragedies are now printed, which form the first volume; and I trust that they have been by this time sent, according to the special orders I gave that they should be forwarded immediately, to my very dear Signor Lampredi from Siena, where they have been put to press. You were kind enough to praise them when you saw them in an unfinished state. I would hope that they have since been rendered more worthy of your approval. However this may be, undeceive me, I beg you, if I flatter myself too much; or if that is not the case, give me the comfort of telling me so. For I have laboured hard for praise,—and none can be more grateful to me than yours, since it is discriminating. My best compliments to La Signora Anna [Berte],—who has a half share in the intention of the copy of my volume sent to you. It is come, then!—that so longed-for and so dreadful day when everybody has acquired the right to say of me either that I am something or nothing,—a man or a numskull. I am in a mortal terror, of which I can give you no idea. Every first step is terrible; but the first step in publication must, I think, surpass every other in terror. In short, the deed is done! And the tail thereof will be ten other tragedies, which I have by me all finished; and which I should have printed with the others had it not been that I wished before doing so to see the effect of the first, and to hear respecting them the opinion of the public and that of my friend Lampredi and La Signora Anna, which will be decisive with me—either to think about the publication of the others or to burn them. Ever yours,—VITTORIO ALFIERI.”

After a little more chat about the great dramatist, we fell to talking about Byron's *sejour* at Pisa. The Professor knew him well, and seems to have seen a good deal of him. He recounted at length the story of the assassination which led to Byron's being obliged to quit Pisa, and which has been so often and so differently related. His impression is—and it seems clear enough—that Byron did not deserve the least blame in the matter. The deed arose from the misjudging zeal of an Italian servant, who thought that his master would of course be well pleased to have an insult so avenged.

“Your recollections of that period must include Shelley also,” said I.

“Sicuro!” answered the Professor briskly, “mi deve ancora venti paoli.” He then explained that this debt of twenty paoli, or about nine shillings, had been contracted by Shelley one day, as he was walking, asking him for that sum to give away, and that it had afterwards escaped his memory. He went on to remark that Shelley had “no beard, and a voice like a woman.” He said that everybody loved him.

From Byron, Shelley and “Tre-la-ouni,” their riding parties and their escapades, the conversation, jumping a huge gulf of years, persons, and associations, lighted on the once celebrated Corilla;—whose story, curiously characteristic as it is of Italian manners and society some sixty years since, I should perhaps have deemed hardly worthy of occupying your space were it not that it seems highly probable that she was the prototype of De Staël's Corinne,—or at least that she suggested to the Swiss authoress such a character as illustrative of Italian life and society.

Corilla died at sixty, in the year 1800. She must therefore have been an old woman, near the end of her brilliant career, when Rosini knew her among the frequenters of La Fabroni's saloon. Her real name was Maddalena Morelli, and by marriage with a Spaniard in the employment of the government at Naples, Maddalena Fernandez. She was born at Pistoja, of parents in humble circumstances; and was adopted for the sake of her beauty and precocious talents by the Princess Pallavicini,—from whose protection she passed to that of the Princess Columbrano, who took her to Naples, where she married. Her vivacity, beauty, and talents,

especially that for improvisation, made her at once “the rage” at Naples. Her renown rapidly spread throughout Italy; and we find her visiting Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Venice,—and everywhere reaping fresh laurels and praises from princes and potentates of all sorts. Of the worthy Signor Fernandez we hear nothing whatever, the while. It is to be supposed that, like a good bird, he staid at home to keep the nest warm. In 1765, his gifted spouse went to Innspruck, at the invitation of Maria Theresa, “per cantare le nozze di Maria Luigia di Borbone” with Pietro Leopoldo. On her return from Germany, loaded with honours and presents of all sorts, she was made “reale poetessa” (a royal, i. e. not a real, poetess, theatre reader), with a pension from the Grand Duke of Tuscany. In 1775, we find her once more at Rome,—where she became at once the passion of the “Arcadi.” These gentle shepherds named her one of their “pastorelle,” and gave her the Arcadian name of Corilla Olympia,—by which she was ever after known. “This honour,” says the historian, “she merited by two *accademie*, in which she treated twelve subjects in various ancient metres with exquisite poetical beauty, profound learning, and such rapidity that Nardini the professor, who accompanied her on the violin, was not able to keep up with her,”—*con tanta velocità che dicono non averla potuta seguitare il Nardini, professore di violino, che con quello strumento l'accompagnava*. In the following year she was crowned at the Capitol, on the 31st of August, 1776, after a fresh exhibition of improvisation “*su temi filosofici e teologici*.” This was the culminating point of her glory. Cardinals, princes, and prelates vied in feting her; poets from all parts of Italy poured in their tribute of incense.—“*Mille poeti concorsero a cantarne arcaicamente le lodi*.” But in the midst of all this glory, as is usually the case, it began to appear to some that the Roman world were disproportionately lavish of applause to a lady who had after all but made some tolerably melodious verses,—such as hundreds of others could make in any desired, or rather undesired, quantity. This tone once taken, the revulsion is generally violent. The ridicule of the thing was felt,—and poor Corilla (tell it not in Arcady) was laughed at. Old Paisan took up the cudgels, lampoons rained fast and thick, and Corilla left Rome,—in no want, however, of an honoured asylum. For Paul the First and Catherine the Second of Russia invited and pensioned her. Joseph the Second of Austria invited her to his capital. But she preferred Florence; where she seems to have passed the remainder of her life, admired, honoured, and beloved, in the enjoyment of æsthetic *eau sucrée* (an Italian Contessa would in those days as soon have thought of giving her guests rhubarb as tea), and in the courteous interchange of those Arcadian insinuations and literary insipidities which were so much then in vogue.

Have I taken up too much of your space with poor Corilla? She is a characteristic excerpt from a social system which existed and can never exist again,—and, as such, is as worthy perhaps of being preserved in your amber as any other fly.

Before, however, concluding my letter, as I began it with the venerable Professor, I must say a few words of his great work, which he is just now bringing to a conclusion. It is ten years since he issued his prospectus of a ‘*Storia della Pittura Italiana espone coi Monumenti*.’ From that time to this he has pursued his object with the most indefatigable ardour, sparing neither cost nor labour,—and he is now printing the last fascicolo. Although the last ten years only have been employed in bringing out the work, it comprises the fruits of a labour of love bestowed on a favourite subject during a long life-time. In his prospectus he says,—“Finding myself at Paris with the celebrated Count Leopold Cicognara, who had brought thither the first volume of his ‘*History of Sculpture*,’ it struck me that any one would render a great service to students of the Fine Arts who should undertake to write a History of Painting in Italy on the same plan.” He goes on to say that he shall divide the History into four epochs:—the first, from the earliest rise of Italian Art to the time of Masaccio; the second, from Filippo Lippi to Raphael; the third, from Giulio Romano to Barocci; and the fourth, from the Caracci to Apollini. These divisions the Professor considers to embrace respectively the Rise, Progress, Decadence, and Restora-

tion of Italy whole sub think that of the his portion sh and the la tion, I me republics Rome This work some con line plate outline en of half each number of centimes e to exceed as now co fines,—a text with plates in o also in ou forty plate made nine for the wo Indeed, it in truth a history, the high-toned product of forming of evidence th research; long-hidden much light artistic hist be available

The dai him won of one Revolution exee, hate Society, at own, will against the in true presents its the individ are turning have had be are affect from the C the calamit aroused the takings. fifty-three tion.” We that have c their appe with the m this paragra the country the complet want of int hand in her which invac the.” The whole forc requires an comes rend object in v is to obtain the work is is address that many some rich pu to deliver th “at a great ne-third, c moment pu of this work the Spix will work in re

tion of Italian Painting. Lanzi, you know, treats the whole subject by division into schools. I cannot but think that both are in part injudicious. The nature of the history appears to me to require that the first portion should be treated by division into local schools, and the latter portion by epochs. By the first portion, I mean that previous to the breaking up of the republics and the formation of monarchies, when Rome became, as far as Art is concerned, a capital. This work was announced to be published in numbers; some consisting of text in 8vo. illustrated with outline engravings,—all the numbers, whether consisting of text or of plates, to cost six francs and a half each. Any small plates in the text above the number of four in each part to be charged forty centimes each. The cost of the entire work was not to exceed four hundred francs. The work, however, as now completed, will consist of five hundred and sixty francs,—and will consist of seven volumes of octavo text with between four and five hundred octavo plates in outline, and seven folio volumes of engravings all in outline containing about two hundred and forty plates. The Professor told me that he had made nine journeys through different parts of Italy for the work, and that the cost had been immense. Indeed, it must have been so,—for the publication is in truth a magnificent one. In the treatment of the history, the reader must not expect any attempt at high-toned spiritual criticism. This has been the product of a later day than that which saw the forming of our octogenarian Professor. But there is evidence throughout of much reading and patient research; though the numerous disinterments of long-hidden papers that have recently thrown so much light on the biographical portion of Italian artistic history, have in many cases come too late to be available to the author.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The daily path of each man's life inevitably brings him now upon incidents that mark, in characters of one kind or another, the melancholy moral of Revolutions,—and make him, by a just ultimate reference, hate more and more the despotisms and abuses which excuse even where they can justify them. Society, at the instigation of a law anterior to its own, will wound itself in its indignant struggle against the robber of its rights or the violator of its true principles. The sore of the social hurt presents itself, we have said, for convenient study in the individual cases that the accidents of the time are turning up in every man's ordinary way.—We have brought under our notice a case in which we are affected at once by the individual loss and the loss to literature involved. We have seen a letter from the Chevalier de Martius, in which he details the calamities that have ruined his own fortunes and arrested the progress of his important literary undertakings. "I now perceive," he says, "that I am fifty-three years old—yet a man of another generation." We forbear all mention of the private sorrows that have come to enhance the political mischief.—their appeal being rather to individual sympathy with the man than in aid of the objects for which this paragraph is penned. The political features of the country, he says, render day by day more difficult the completion of his large work on Brazil. "The want of interest for such literary undertakings goes hand in hand with the want of credit and money which invades the Pacific Germany like a dreadful pest." The Chevalier states that he has placed his whole fortune in this work—and its conclusion yet requires an expenditure which these accumulated losses render it impossible for him to make. His object in writing the letter from which we quote is to obtain the influence of the party to whom it is addressed in procuring purchasers for copies of the work in England. "I know," says the writer, "that many of the great public libraries there and some rich private ones do not possess it;" and he offers to deliver the copies, for the sake of its completion, "at a great deduction of the subscription price—say one-third, or even more, if any one would at this moment purchase it." A glance at the prospectus of this work of Herr Martius and the late Chevalier de Byx will best show the extent and value of the work in reference to the amount of even the un-

reduced price.—This is not the whole of the case. "Twenty-three years," says the Chevalier de Martius, "I have conducted the 'Historia Palmarum.' It is the greatest monograph ever written on a botanical subject; and my heart bleeds to think that I shall be prevented from bringing it to a close." In this dilemma, he has determined on the sacrifice of his *Bibliotheca Americana*. "It is, perhaps," he says, "the finest collection of rare books on America now in the hands of a private man,—as your Excellency may judge from the first pages of a catalogue of it which I take the liberty to inclose. * * No single Spanish or Portuguese fundamental work on the history of America, is there wanting, in original editions or translations, with few exceptions." This collection of books the Chevalier is willing to part with for a moderate price—that he may obtain the means of completing his own; and the object of his letter is to have it brought under the notice of University and other public libraries and of private collectors.

Some time since we amused our readers with a specimen of the facts which it is in certain quarters thought worth while to offer as intelligence in reference to a matter of great public interest, the Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. The series of important intelligence is continued; and it is announced as a significant event in the history of this Expedition that Sir J. C. Ross has actually "sent his only steamer into Aberdeen for some coals." We beg our readers distinctly to understand that we are quoting—and that we assume the incident to be looked upon as significant because it is preceded by a preposterous flourish of trumpets. There is no doubt that this is a fact as well in the history of the Expedition as in the history and statistics of Aberdeen—if we could only weigh its exact value. Such as it is, our readers have it—on the authority of a contemporary; but they will not expect many more such from us on any authority. Our readers are not historical homeopaths.—The pilot in charge of the Enterprise and the Investigator having returned to town, we may state that he has brought intelligence that all on board those vessels are in the best health and spirits. The Enterprise, contrary to expectation, proves to be a faster sailer than her companion.

The First Meeting of the local Committee for the reception of the British Association, on Wednesday the 9th of August, has been held at Swansea:—and the Members of the Archaeological Institute will meet in Lincoln in the week beginning Tuesday the 25th of July.—We are glad to report the spread of local associations for archaeological research; and may mention, therefore, the recent formation of an Archaeological Society in the town of Scarborough.

On Monday last, a numerous assemblage of the members and friends of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures came together in John Street, Adelphi, for the purpose of witnessing the annual distribution of prizes to the successful candidates at the late Exhibition. The recent calamity in the Royal Family prevented the presence of Prince Albert—who was announced to distribute the rewards; and his place was filled by the Marquis of Northampton.

Mr. Field, the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, held his annual *conversazione* on Tuesday evening last. Meetings of the kind have been held hitherto at the residences of the Presidents; but the numbers of the members increased so much that no ordinary house could receive them and the guests invited to meet them,—and therefore, in arranging the recent alteration in the house of the Institution special provision was made for these assemblages. On the present occasion, the rooms were filled with an extensive and interesting collection of scientific models and works of Art:—amongst which we may particularly mention Mr. Stephenson's wrought-iron tubular bridge of 400 feet erected at Conway; a beautiful model, exhibited by Mr. Clarke, of the Great Britain steamer, full rigged and containing fac-similes of the engines, with the screw propeller complete, and working by means of condensed air, the whole weighing only one ounce; and the model of a folding boat, of which each side was made of two thicknesses of waterproof cloth, filled in on Captain Light's principle with very buoyant reeds, made nonabsorbent, and consequently rendering the boat incapable of sinking even when full of water

and even when partially torn by accident. The Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin has been furnished with boats of this description, in order that they may be easily transported across the ice and may bear injuries which would destroy a wooden boat.

Our contemporaries announce the recent death of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. For the last few years, this gentleman has appeared before the public but sparingly as an author:—his most recent production, if we recollect rightly, being an account of Her Majesty's Progress in state to Scotland. But he deserves a high place in the annals of local literature for his graphic and delightful account of 'The Morayshire Floods.' His best romances, 'Lochanda' and 'The Wolfe of Badenoch,' would have stood out in brighter relief had they come before, not after, Sir Walter Scott's:—being powerfully written and exciting a strong interest. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder produced other works, besides the above; but we have named those by which he will be the longest remembered as an author.

We have received from Dr. Carpenter a further note—in reply to our comment on his explanation of last week (*ante*, p. 533). Thinking it possible, he says, that the question contained in the last sentence of our editorial remarks may give rise to some further notice, he requests us to insert the following brief statement of facts—which will, he thinks, be sufficient to explain what to us seemed still doubtful.

'The Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science' [he says] now consisting of 3 vols. of Zoology, 1 of Animal Physiology, 1 of Vegetable Physiology and Systematic Botany, and 1 of Mechanics and Astronomy, originally appeared in quarterly parts or half-volumes. The first volume of the 'Zoology' was published with the second part, completing the first volume; and has been issued, Dr. Carpenter believes, with every copy of that part, and with every copy of the work which has been bound up and sent out complete by the publisher. Rather more than a year ago, the publisher and chief proprietor of the series (Mr. Orr) commenced a re-issue of it in monthly numbers at a reduced price. It was not found necessary to reprint the 'Zoology' for this purpose, and the re-issue was made from the stock in Mr. Orr's possession, without any participation whatever on Dr. Carpenter's part. He has not even seen a set of the numbers. Of course, if the Preface is not included in them, the fault must lie with the publisher and not with him; and Dr. Carpenter thinks that any one who could impute to him a dishonest motive in keeping back a Preface in which there was nothing that he wished to conceal, and of which some hundred copies had already gone forth to the world, must have a remarkable ingenuity in discovering faults in the character and conduct of others. The 'Vegetable Physiology' and 'Botany' came out in two separate quarterly parts or half volumes. As these subjects were to a certain extent distinct, Dr. Carpenter supplied a separate Preface to each, which was prefixed to the part and issued with it. Why the Preface to the 'Botany' was not bound up with the volume when completed, Dr. Carpenter has no idea, unless it was that the publisher thought two Prefaces unnecessary. But Dr. Carpenter was entirely unaware of the fact until ten days since,—and could have had no motive for suppressing this Preface, of which also many hundreds had been issued in the original form of the treatise.—Dr. Carpenter admits that he had not been careful enough to acknowledge his obligations to the works of Lindley and De Candolle; but he believes that no fault of this kind can be fairly found with any other treatises in the series.

The anniversary dinner of the members and supporters of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on Wednesday last; the Duke of Beaufort presiding, in the place of the Duke of Cambridge, — whose attendance was prevented by the death of the Princess Sophia. The donations on the occasion amounted to 800l.—and two legacies of 100l. each, from the late Mr. Boxall and the late Mr. Maclewe, were acknowledged to have been received. We have no desire to stop the sources of charity, wherever they may well up,—but we confess to a wish that we might sometimes divert the course of the stream. In the present case, we certainly desire that the current of benevolence which flows for the relief of theatrical distress might take a path at once more expansive and more real than one which feeds the interests of only a few in the name of what is now only a fiction.

We have frequently had occasion to bring under the notice of our readers the abuses which have crept in course of time into the management of charitable trusts in England,—particularly those for educational purposes. Scarcely any subject more imperatively demands, or would better reward, thorough investigation by the legislature than this. A week rarely passes in which attention is not called to some special instance of such abuses. Most of our readers must have some knowledge of the Harpur endowment of

Bedford—from the circumstance of its having been brought before the public in a remarkable manner on one or two historical occasions—particularly on that notable election-scrutiny when Whitbread and the philanthropist Howard petitioned against the return of the corporation candidates, so well known in electoral history. William Harpur was a native of Bedford, who, like Whittington, came a lad to London to make his fortune—was successful—became lord mayor—received the honour of knighthood—and, dying, bequeathed a large fortune to his native town for the relief of the poor and the endowment of certain schools for their education. The present income from the investments of this estate is between 12,000*l.* and 13,000*l.*; but it is so managed that the charity is in debt, and the administrators are proposing to close, provisionally, some of the schools—the grammar school and infant school—until the debts be paid and the charity again solvent. It is said that the rents of the property are, through carelessness, suffered to fall into arrear; and it would seem that some of the salaries paid to the teachers are exorbitantly high in comparison with others. The masters of the grammar school, for instance, besides their separate handsome residences, received for the year 1846-7, 2,347*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*, all the other expenses of this establishment amounting to less than a thousand pounds. These salaries have gone on, and still go on, increasing. A thorough inquiry into the whole matter is needed. Has no reformer in the House of Commons time in these stirring days to look into such quiet but important matters?

We rejoice to find that the principles of the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes are beginning to be understood and appreciated and accepted by the classes for whose benefit the Society has been formed and labours. The Report read to the last meeting of the shareholders, held on Tuesday, states that the Metropolitan Buildings in the Old Pancras Road are now finished—and that out of 110 sets of rooms 103 are let, and 94 actually occupied. The entire number of applicants amounts to 192—a few of whom only have been refused, in consequence of their references not being satisfactory. The applicants for the lower rented rooms have been more numerous than the buildings would contain. The directors further report that up to the present time they have not had a single default in payment of the rent, and that general satisfaction is expressed by the tenants with the extra comforts and accommodation afforded them.—It appears to be a condition of the charter granted to this Association, that one-fourth of the proposed capital fund of 100,000*l.* shall be raised before the end of October next; and two hundred additional shares, it would seem, must yet be taken to enable the Society to continue its valuable operations in a satisfactory manner. There should be no difficulty in procuring these, when it is stated, in addition to the argument of the important moral influences concerned, that the return on expenditure already yielded by the buildings completed is 3*l.* per cent.

The Sydney papers mention the return to that capital, from an exploring voyage in New South Wales, of Mr. Kennedy, Sir Thomas Mitchell's Assistant Surveyor; whom, our readers may perhaps remember, Sir Thomas ordered to follow down the course of the Victoria to its mouth on his last expedition to Fitzroy Downs. Some anxiety had been felt by Sir Thomas when in England in March last to hear tidings of Mr. Kennedy—and next week we will give our readers some particulars of his journey to the mouth of the river, in the Gulf of Carpentaria, from his own official report.

We continue to receive letters and hints from a variety of correspondents enforcing the subject of the memorial recently presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Camden Society—that of freer access to the valuable testamentary archives now hidden from inquiry in the Prerogative Office of Doctors Commons. "It was in December 1825," says one, "that Sir Harris Nicolas dated the Preface to his interesting collection of *Testamenta Vetusta*; in which there is the following passage, still so truthfully applicable to the present time:—'Nothing would have been so satisfactory as to have copied them' (the wills) 'from the originals: but the heavy expense and other obstacles attendant on such a proceeding rendered it absolutely impracticable; whilst

the total absence of everything like urbanity—even if a stronger expression be not merited—in the deportment of those with whom the public came in collision at the principal registry in the kingdom—that at Doctors Commons—deterred the editor from soliciting permission to transcribe or collate the wills here abstracted with such of the originals or recorded copies as exist there. The person who, when perusing a will in that repository, has once experienced the rude manner of address to which the applicants are subject, and the still more insolent tone in which it is sometimes uttered, must be endowed with an unusual forbearance if he subjects himself to such conduct when he can possibly avoid it.' The whole tone and bearing that pervade the office and the clerks in attendance is the more striking now than it was at the date of the above in 1825, when compared with the very marked civility and assistance so courteously and good-naturedly rendered by the gentlemen and attendants in all the Public Record offices which of late years, by acts of the Legislature, have been thrown open on very easy and liberal terms to every person who wished to consult the documents which they contain. It is to be hoped that other literary societies will follow the example of the Camden, and press for the reform of this grievance. It is stated that very lately the Shakespeare Society were refused permission to take a collation of the Poet's will.—There may be difficulties in the way which are unknown to the public;—but surely they cannot be such as may not be overcome by an enlightened Primate and a liberal Parliament."

We are still without our usual report of the Paris Academy of Sciences. Science and Art are temporarily deposed in France. The following is the sort of notice which the French papers supply in place of their accustomed summaries.—"May 15. This was one of the most uninteresting sittings that has been held during the last three months. Not a paper worthy of notice was presented. The public sitting was very short, and at its close the Academy formed itself into a secret committee.—The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, however, at a sitting last week, awarded its prize for the essay on Scholastic Philosophy to M. Barthélemy Haureau. The notice of a solitary proceeding like this reads amid the din of the revolutionary strife almost like an anachronism.—An attempt is being made, nevertheless, to re-create the Institute in the spirit of the new movement and the hoped-for calm. The organic law of the Convention, which founded that body, had invested it with certain functions which have fallen into disuse under the monarchy. The Institute was to name yearly, out of a competition for the object, twenty citizens charged with the task of travelling to inquire into the question of agricultural progress in the departments of France and among foreign nations—and six members to make a similar inquiry into various other branches of human knowledge. The Government has called upon the Five Academies to restore these intentions of the Institute to their original vigour, adapting them to the actual condition of France—and the Institute has responded to the demand by a counter-demand that *all* the branches of human inquiry shall have the benefit of the rule.—A second resolution of the Institute revives another disposition of the Republican laws which accompanied its creation, in the spirit of the recommendations which some of our correspondents are just now enforcing on the consideration of the scientific bodies amongst ourselves. Since 1816, the general sittings of the Institute, with the exception of a single annual general sitting, have been suspended; whereby for the Institute of the Convention has been substituted five separate academies linked together only by community of title, locality and administration. The re-establishment of the unity of the Institute by the restoration of the sittings in common has been unanimously voted—and a committee is appointed to devise regulations for giving effect to the vote.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight o'clock till Seven), 1*s.*: Catalogue, 1*s.* JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

THE EXHIBITION at the ROYAL ACADEMY contains a SERIES OF DESIGNS for SHAKESPEARE'S SEVEN AGES, by D. MACLISE, R.A., made for Summery's Art-Manufactures, and to be executed in Porcelain by Messrs. Minton. The Catalogue of the Art-Manufactures now published with Twenty-four Pictures, is sent, on receipt of three postage stamps, from Cundall's, 15, Old Bond-street.

Season Tickets, at 5*s.* each, will be issued for the EXHIBITION OF MULLREATH'S PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, SKETCHES, &c. to promote the formation of a NATIONAL GALLERY of BRITISH ART, which WILL OPEN 5th June, at the SOCIETY of ARTS, JOHN-STREET, ADELPHI.—Single Admission, 1*s.* each. Proofs of the SOCIETY, Lithographed by John Linnell, &c., are now ready for delivery to Subscribers of 2*s.*

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their GALLERY, 5, Pall Mall East, each Day, from Nine till Dark.—Admission, 1*s.*: Catalogue, 6*s.* GEORGE A. FRIPP, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, Pall Mall. Admission, 1*s.*: Catalogue, 6*s.* JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA. NEW EXHIBITION at the DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK, representing MOUNT ETNA, in SICILY, under three aspects—Evening, Sunrise, and during an Eruption; and the INTERIOR of ST. MARK'S at VENICE, with two effects—Day and Night. During the latter, the Grand Machine Organ will perform. Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, 2*s.*; Children under Twelve Years, Half-price.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION of the CATALOGUE of the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The New Edition is now ready, with the following illustrations:—The EXHIBITION of the INSTITUTION as extended next Regent-street, the INTERIOR of the GREAT HALL, and the NEW LABOUR THEATRE. The Catalogue enumerates upwards of 5,000 *l.* of ingenuity and interest, with References to more than 50 *l.* of postscript. Price 1*s.* The INSTITUTION, greatly enlarged, is OPEN Mornings and Evenings, including Saturday Evening.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—May 18.—The Marquis of Northampton, President, in the chair.—"On a new case of the Interference of Light." By the Rev. B. Powell.

"On the Meteorology of the Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland." By J. F. Miller, Esq.—The author has devoted nearly four years to the investigation of the quantities of rain falling in the lake districts of Cumberland and Westmoreland; and he commenced, two years ago, a set of experiments specially directed to ascertain the amount of rain deposited at great elevations above the sea, such as the summits of our highest English mountains. As the investigation proceeded, some remarkable results were obtained, which coming to the knowledge of the Royal Society early in last year (1847), the Council contributed a sum of money from the Donation Fund towards the current expenses attending this inquiry,—of which the results are given in the present communication, comprising extensive tables of observations relative to the quantity of rain in different situations within the above period of time.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—May 22.—W. J. Hamilton, Esq., President, in the chair.—This was the anniversary meeting for the election of officers, presentation of medals, and President's address. The Report of the Council was unanimously adopted. Gold medals awarded to Capt. Wilkes, U.S.N., and Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, were severally delivered to the Hon. G. Bancroft, the American Minister, on behalf of the former, and to Captain Rodney Mundy, the friend and representative of the latter. The President's address adverted to all the various events of the past year connected with the progress of geographical science.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 25.—Sir R. H. Inglis in the chair. The evening was devoted to the subject of Horology. Mr. O. Morgan exhibited a curious series of watches, including several from Nuremberg, usually known as "Nuremberg eggs," being much in that form. The oldest mechanical contrivance of this kind for measuring the lapse of time, that we observed, was not earlier than the reign of Edward VI., or perhaps Henry VIII.;—but this is a point that may be fairly disputed; and they came down to a comparatively modern period. One of the most valuable specimens was of French manufacture, and was the watch which had actually belonged to, and had been worn by, Louis XIV. It was much larger and more cumbersome than several watches of considerably greater antiquity. This relic is the property of Mr. Butterworth.—The reading was then commenced of a Dissertation, by Capt. Smyth, on a very valuable astrological clock, which has been for some years in the possession of the Society, but has never till now attracted deserved attention. It is of portable dimensions, a circle of some eight or nine inches diameter, of the very early date of 1525, and capable of being set going and performing all its duties at any hour. It seems to be the oldest clock known that can be put in motion so

as to keep correct time. The explanation of the details of this instrument was preceded by remarks upon the antiquity of clocks in general, which were carried back by some to the eleventh or twelfth century. One of the most ancient on record had been put up by an Abbot of St. Albans, but every trace of it had long disappeared. It did not seem that striking clocks were known in this country until about A.D. 1250. One of the oldest of which any portion remains was at Exeter, another at Wells, and a third, put up by Cardinal Wolsey at Hampton Court. Of this last only the face is left, the works being wholly modern. The writer might also have instanced the clock at Launceston, with its singular and antique striking figures on each side of the face. This is unquestionably as old as the reign of Henry VIII., as is established by the costume of the figures. The reading of the rest of the paper was postponed.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 12.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—Mr. C. Newton 'On Greek Archaeology.' Mr. Newton commenced his lecture with the following general definition of Archaeology. The memorials of races which it is the business of archaeology to collect, to classify, to interpret, have been handed down to us—some in spoken language, in manners and in customs—some in the form of literature and written documents of various kinds—some in the remains of sculpture, painting, architecture and the subordinate decorative and useful arts. Hence a complete view of the archaeology of the Greeks would embrace a field of inquiry far too extensive for the limits of time allotted to him; he should therefore confine himself to what was more within the scope of his own knowledge—"the consideration of that branch of the subject which, treating of monuments of Art and of the material productions of man generally, is conveniently designated the Archaeology of Greek Art." In dealing with this varied subject, two chief points would be selected—the visible or external characteristics of Greek art, and the ideal or mythical subjects it represents. He commenced with the former of these two points, giving a sketch of Greek art—first, according to its geographical relations, then according to its chronological epochs. It took root wherever Greek civilization was planted, grew with its growth, decayed with its decay. In that central area—comprising Hellas, Magna Græcia, Sicily, the Archipelago, the coasts and islands of Asia Minor, which may be regarded as the heart of true Hellenic civilization—all the most beautiful works of Greek art were produced; as the boundaries of this area were extended by colonization or conquest to the India, the Crimea, the Danube, and Spain, we find an inferior art more or less barbarous according to the proportion of the Hellenic element in the population. The whole space of time during which Greek art was produced may be conveniently divided into four periods. The first, or archaic period, from the earliest dawn of Greek civilization to the close of the Persian war, B.C. 478. The second, from the close of the Persian war to the accession of Alexander the Great, B.C. 433. The third, or monarchical period of Greek history, from the accession of Alexander to that of Augustus; and the fourth, or imperial period, from Augustus to Constantine. He then proceeded to point out the external characteristics of Art in these four periods; showing how the scrupulous love of truth and intelligent study of nature in the archaic school prepared the way for the noble ideal style of Phidias; and traced the gradual transition from the stiff, ungainly forms of the earlier artists to the life and the graceful energy which we see in the sculptures of the Parthenon—the consummation of Art in this great work of Phidias, and its modifications, not without symptoms of decline, in the specimens which remain to us of the period, if not from the school of Praxiteles and Scopas—the great change of style attributed to Lysippus and his successors, and really resulting from the altered religious feelings of the Greeks, the deification of monarchs during their lifetime, and the consequent prevalence of what may be called the ideal portrait. This investment of individual likeness with divine attributes became henceforth the chief aim of the artist rather than the construction of the purely ideal types of divinities, and must be counted as one chief cause of the mannerism and

affection of Art between the reign of Alexander and that of Augustus. After this last epoch, the inspiration of Art passed away under the degrading influence of military despotism and pantheism. The best original specimens of the sculpture of the period are the portraits of the emperors; the decline of Art after the time of Commodus becomes evident in the clumsy and crowded compositions of the sarcophagi and other monuments.

After this outline of the external characteristics of Greek art, followed the consideration of its ideal subject matter. The interpretation of the motive and meaning of Greek art is essential not only to the understanding of the art itself, but also to the due appreciation of the Greek mind. What is commonly called *mythology*, or the tradition of the *myth*, as recorded and interpreted in Greek literature, appears to ordinary minds but as darkness visible, an image distorted by the various media through which it is conveyed; but the traditions of the same *myth* in contemporary art, which we may call *mythography*, enables us to trace out far more clearly and readily the expression of popular faith before a rationalistic philosophy had refined away its essence. Without *mythography*, as it is conceived, we cannot understand *mythology*. "The monuments of Art which archaeology has collected, acquaint us with the *mythography* of many races, and thus through the comparison of visible objects made by the eye, enable us to compare that which is matter of thought, the religious idea conveyed in this sensuous form."

If we pass from the Elgin to the Egyptian Room we feel a contrast, a difference, not of forms merely, but of the thoughts suggested to us by those forms. To account for this difference we must not only compare the two races by whom these two styles were produced in regard to their original character and habits of thought, but recur to the primary sources of *mythology* itself.

The earliest religious and philosophical teaching in pagan races generally was conveyed in the figurative expression of art and poetry, not so much from choice as necessity, from the imperfect development of conventional language and writing. The process by which the *myth* was thus, as it were, self-engendered out of the natural wants and questionings of primeval man was probably common to pagan races generally. Its subsequent development was affected very variously according to the mental qualities, climate and external circumstances of the different nations; and it is thus that the *myth*, as represented in their art and literature, becomes a standard by which we may measure their relative mental capacities and intellectual progress. The Greek *myth*, as it underwent the plastic influence of the poet and the artist, became a beautiful work of the imagination—a bond of sympathy between the Greek and all future civilized races. The *myth* of the Egyptians, Assyrians, and other less favoured races, remained, as it was from the first, the monstrous creation of a fancy unrefined by culture. It was the free and vigorous growth of art and poetry that emancipated the Greek *myth* from the thralldom of prescribed forms; it was the inborn sense of beauty and fitness in the Greek mind that in the construction of their mythic types rejected, with a few exceptions, those combinations which nothing but long association can make pleasing to the sight or the mind. As Greek poetry and art grew up independent of all such influence as checked the growth of the Egyptian mind, the *myth* lost a hieratic and assumed a popular form. When once permanently recorded in sculpture and written poetry, it unconsciously underwent modifications not suggested by religious feeling but imposed to meet the conditions of Art.

As we trace the history of the *myth*, these its modifications from external influences become more complicated. Poetry suggests new varieties to the artist—the *mythography* and *mythology* re-act on each other—the figurative language of both becomes more subtle and expresses fewer intellectual distinctions. As mirrors multiply light, so is the natural fertility of the Greek imagination quickened by these mutual reflections of its art and poetry. Types breed and increase, the love of novelty demands new combinations, and, as imagination becomes exhausted in the supply, these are sought for in the types of exotic deities introduced by com-

merce or conquest or in the revival of archaic and forgotten myths. The tradition of the *myth* subjected generally to these modifying influences of art and poetry was further changed by transplantation into different localities. The isolation and unwillingness to centralize, which is the characteristic of the Greek communities, led to endless local varieties in the common *myth*—differences which are as peculiar dialects in the figurative language of ancient religious teaching. Again the exotic influences which must have been more or less in action from the first become very apparent after the conquest of Alexander in the fusion of Greek with foreign types of divinities—the result of the blending of races in the kingdoms formed by that monarch's successors. This led rapidly to the motley pantheism of the Roman empire. In the art of the Augustan age and subsequently we find many examples of these combinations in *mythography*, sometimes treated with exquisite skill, as in the blended types of Bacchus and Cupid,—sometimes monstrous anomalies, as in the well-known Diana of Ephesus.

"These remarks on the Greek *myth* are offered rather as hints for their interpretation than as a matured scheme for their arrangement. A general history of mythic tradition can only result from the separate investigation of the individual myths—it is the sum of these biographies. Many of them we cannot trace to any intelligible origin. The cumbersome learning of the last century failed to prove their derivation from exotic or from esoteric sources—the ingenious sagacity of German criticism will scarcely divine how and when they were first engendered. Each *myth* is a separate thread—the whole system an intricate network. We cannot subject it to a strict anatomy, lay bare its tissues, and trace each fibre to its insertion; but it is possible to learn something of the organic laws as well as of the external circumstances which have influenced its growth. It is possible to compare the popularity of myths by noting the relative frequency of their recurrence in art and literature; to arrange their varieties locally, and in many cases chronologically, and to note the successive predominance of special influences in causing these varieties.

"With what success such a method of inquiry can be applied to *mythology* has been shown in the masterly dissertation in Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece'; how it can be further carried out in *mythography* it is the province of the archaeologist to show. His part in the division of labour is to arrange the monuments of Greek art now extant as far as possible in chronological sequence and in geographical relation, and then on the base of this arrangement to enter on the mythical subjects which they represent. His task will then be one of interpretation. He must seek out the motive of each composition, the names and attributes of the beings represented by each figure or symbol. He must gradually master every phrase and idiom of the language of ancient art. He must read the expression of the mental qualities in the external form, he must appreciate that fine delineation of character which the ancients called *Ethography*. Having acquired the intuitive sagacity which at once recognizes mythical affinities and distinctions, he will follow the history of the types by the aid of his chronological and geographical data. Art will be his guide to pursue the *myth* through all its windings and interpenetrations, its evasions and subterfuges;—as his eye pierces through its Protean disguises, his mind will learn to analyze and decompose its subtle combinations. He will discern under the poetic or sculptural garb of the *myth* the traces of its more ancient hieratic form, half obliterated like the original text of a palimpsest. He will separate off from the primary idea such peculiarities of treatment as are the result of the conditions of Art; he will distinguish the purely religious symbol from accessories chosen as a means of expression by the sculptor. He will detect the presence of an exotic element in the *myth*, and point out the probable sources whence it was derived. He will show how the streams of tradition flowing onward for a time in separate channels had a natural tendency to confluence as time and conquest broke down the barriers which divided races,—how, as the types of the earlier paganism were thus fused and blended, the language of Art, expanding with these new ideas, became not figurative merely but transfigurative, more copious but more obscure,

full of the barbarous corruptions of a pantheistic age."

After offering some remarks on the influence which a more familiar acquaintance with the Greek myth would exercise over the modern school of ideal Art, enriching its allegories with those correct and copious forms of expression which so ennoble the poetry of Milton, Mr. Newton concluded his lecture with enumerating those branches of the Archaeology of Greek Art which want of time had compelled him to leave unnoticed; such as the Palæography of Vases and Coins, the great basis of all archaeological arrangement.—Structural Art.—Decorative Art.—and lastly, those miscellaneous antiquities which, though devoid of beauty to the eye, are yet, like the fossils of Geology, instructive and capable of arrangement.

At the end of Mr. Newton's discourse, Mr. Faraday called the attention of the members to an instance of base coining which had recently come under his notice. From a penny of the present reign a plaster mould had been made, and from this a leaden cast was obtained. This cast, when electrotyped with copper, presented a very accurate copy of the original coin. The fraud was detected by the copper surface having peeled off and left the leaden counterfeit uncovered.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON.** Entomological, 8, P. M.
— Royal Institution, 2.—Monthly Meeting.
— Chemical, 8.
TUES. Linæan, 8.
— Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.
WED. Ethnological, 8.—On the People of Albania and other Parts of Greece, by James Henry Skene, Esq.
— Society of Arts, 8.
THUR. Society of Antiquaries, 8.
— Royal Society of Literature, 4.
— Royal, half-past 8.
— Philological, 8.
— Astronomical, 8.
— Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Mr. J. Fergusson 'On Progress in Architecture.'

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

OF the portrait-painters of our day, there is none whose style is more simple and unaffected than that of Mr. Watson Gordon. His pictures are transcripts of nature, which all the resources of his art are made to subserve,—the art being always subordinated to the end in view. While the human form and face engage, of course, the chief part of his attention and skill, in all things that relate to what is termed the making-up of the picture his judgment and taste are alike conspicuous. He rejects the commonplace expedients and adventitious aids that form the resources of the ordinary portrait-painter. The hackneyed column and curtain—the ill-proportioned and worse-drawn frieze and pilaster, or impossible balustrade—the obviously folded Turkey-carpet table-cloth—the immemorial sinner's chair, and other platitudes of the painting-room—or the be-sattened lady, looking sentimental over a vase, a fan, or a rose—all these things Mr. Gordon shuns. Simple nature suffices for his purpose, and he accomplishes his task by throwing an honest and earnest feeling into his pictures. They are full of the modesty of nature. Take as an example one of the finest male portraits in this Exhibition—that of *Sir William Newbigging, M.D.* (71). Here all is repose and truth. It is of the highest class of his art. *The Right Hon. Lady Elbank* (214), with the exception of peculiarity of pose—and this may possibly be individual—is an excellent arrangement. The whole-length figure of *The Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice-General of Scotland* (230), is a not less striking assertion of Mr. Gordon's powers—but yet better is that of *The Right Hon. Lord John Hay* (322). In this the artist has so managed the introduction of nautical adjuncts—such as the deck and capstan, yards and gear, of a vessel—as to secure freshness and novelty without the sacrifice of breadth.

Among many younger subject-painters, Mr. E. M. Ward has the merit of having made reputation in a department peculiar to himself. When we say that his *forte* is the dramatic, the term must not be understood here to signify the command of situation or the development of story—Mr. Ward's is a power beyond these. His strength exhibits itself in the creation of character—bearing a relation in this respect to that of Hogarth. The study of the works of the latter has been apparently combined with a keen natural perception of character in the formation of Mr.

Ward's style. This year his subject is selected from the page of Evelyn—and represents *Highgate Fields during the Great Fire of London* (416). Hither our author says he went, "as well as towards Islington, where one might have seen 20,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by the heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish with hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny of relief—which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld."—The calm and observant air of the individual who thus quaintly expresses himself is shown amidst a scene into which Mr. Ward has thrown many an episode to accumulate the interest; while the groupings and effects are enhanced by many admirable bits of satire and excellent and varied delineation of character. The study of the celebrated comedian in the *Interview between Charles the Second and Nell Gwynne, as witnessed by Evelyn* (587) is unquestionably the most complete realization of female beauty that has ever issued from Mr. Ward's hands—while it has more than his usual refinement of character, and its execution is of an order which the painter will not find it easy to surpass.

Of British artists resident in Italy, and enjoying the advantages which her various sites of picture traditions and picture examples are supposed to give, we have little to record that is satisfactory on the present occasion. We have already spoken of the misapplication of time in the study of mere costume and of the commonplace incidents of Italian life. Mr. Penry Williams's largest picture here is *A Scene near Oleoano, neighbourhood of Rome* (495)—and merely presents a group of *contadini*, a mother and a child, in vulgar amazement gazing over the folio of a painter who, on an eminence in the mid-distance, is sketching the distant town. No very high theme this for the exercise of the inventive faculties! *A Young Goatherd of the Campagna of Rome* (47) and *Italian Playmates* (136) are yet less lofty fruits of long sojourn in the land of Raffaele and of Michael Angelo; and the clever painting—the prettiness of execution and detail—but mark more strongly misapplication of means and contractedness of view. Nor has Mr. T. Dessoulay done himself justice in his view of *The Porta S. Giovanni, Rome* (514). It is too hot and hard—and wants the modesty and amenity for which many of his landscapes have been remarked. On the *Italian Peasants with Buffaloes* (94) of Mr. C. Coleman—another resident in Rome—a fair judgment can scarcely be pronounced, the picture being placed high. What can be seen of it, however, leads us to believe that it is one of the same class of subjects in which this artist delights, treated with improved powers.

In favour of Mr. Furse—another Roman resident—an exception must be made. In his *St. John and the Madonna* (1257) he has given evidence of soundness of direction and healthiness of view; and the picture bespeaks study of both the theory and practice of those amid whose works he lives. This, in addition to the 'Christ blessing little Children' which will be remembered amongst the oil pictures exhibited in Westminster Hall, shows both Mr. Furse's zeal and ability in the historic walk.—Mr. Hook in his subject from Florentine history, derived from the pages of Giovanni Villani (445) has scarcely made the advance expected of him.

Mr. George Patten's *Flora and Zephyrus* (35) and *Cupid taught by the Graces* (200) are two of the few attempts at poetical illustration in this collection—and to such a task Mr. Patten brings a large amount of the requirements necessary. There is perhaps in his present pictures a less amount of that spirituality which distinguished the Dantesque scene exhibited by him on these walls some years ago. That he has not had the proper inducement to the repetition of such works is matter of regret—the tide of patronage having set in in favour of the *genre* school and of subjects appealing to our more common sympathies. Mr. Patten has again and again given proof that with due encouragement he has both the ability and the zeal necessary to yet higher performance.

Desenzano, on the Lake of Garda, Northern Italy (237), now remarkable as a scene of contest between the Austrian and Sardinian soldiers, is not less so in its treatment as a picture by M. J. V. De Fleury. It is brilliant without being gaudy. *The Doubtful Purchaser* (131) is an excellent presentment in small of

a ragged urchin deliberating on the sweets spread forth at a pastrycook's window—by Mr. W. Maesell. A small picture by Mr. W. J. Blacklock, *On the Golt* (236), will well repay inspection for its truth.

Two pictures of great merit form the leading attraction in the room properly devoted to architectural subjects,—placed here, it is presumed, for want of space elsewhere. Whatever else they may lose by this position, they gain the advantages of light and proximity to the eye.—Mr. A. Solomon has *A Ball Room in the Year 1760* (1249).

Now let the youth to whose superior place it first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
With humble bow and ready hand prepare
Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair:
The fair shall not his kind request deny,
But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

This is one of the best representations of its class. It has great amount and variety of character, excellent and well contrasted action, much refinement, and general promise of future improvement. Mr. Phillips's *Scotch Fair* (1261) is also excellent in the same qualities. It is a most characteristic scene of Highland manners,—painted with a vigour and decision that prove the painter's readiness, while this facility has betrayed him into nothing trite or vulgar. No. 134, by the same artist, is also worthy of notice.

Of Mr. G. Harvey's *Blowing Bubbles—the Past and the Present* (646), we cannot speak in praise. It represents boys engaged in this hackneyed pastime in a churchyard—the Grey Friars in Edinburgh, we presume. That this picture has been selected as the principal Art-Union prize of the year is another argument in favour of that change in the system of selection for which we have so long contended; and on which we trust the Board of Trade—fully alive, we believe, to the mischief—will continue to insist as the sole condition of those exceptional rights which have been granted to this institution.—Mr. Ansell has spread his canvas on great dimensions in an episode from the field of Waterloo, *The Battle of the Standard* (585)—an ambitious effort, the energy and character of which would have been better seen on a smaller scale.

The pages of Spenser's 'Faerie Queen' have again supplied Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, the lately elected Associate, with two subjects:—*The Contest of Beauty for the Girdle of Florimel*—Britomartus unveiling *Amoret* (515)—and *Idleness* (279). In both these Mr. Pickersgill adds to his former qualities the attractions of an increased scale of colour—with what gain over the pure and often sculpturesque feeling formerly exhibited by this artist may be questioned. Recollecting his last year's picture of 'The Christian Church during the Persecutions by the Pagan Emperors of Rome,' painted in the sober key which the subject required, we hesitate to assent to the change as an improvement.

The Right of Sanctuary (619) is the best production of an historical class that we have yet seen from the hands of Mr. H. Pickersgill. A young noble who throws himself on the protection of the monastery is rescued by the venerable abbot and other inmates of the cloister from the summary revenge about to be inflicted on him by a group of mail-clad warriors who have pursued him to the precincts of the church. The design is excellent—the subdued hues of the colour are in accordance with the subject—the drawing is firm and solid—and a good historic style pervades the whole.

Harvey demonstrating to Charles the First the *Circulation of the Blood from the Heart of a Doe* (607), by Mr. R. Hannah, is one of those subjects that dignify the exercise of the pencil—making Art subserve in the promulgation of Science and of Truth. Mr. Hannah has told his story with considerable power. The calm air and expression of the great speculator is visibly shaking the doubts which the face of the monarch betrays—while the Galens in the adjoining room exhibit the scepticism and indifference which are the professional defence of antiquated prejudice against new discovery. Mr. Hannah has executed his work in a bold and manly style—its originality being more striking even than its truth. *Dutch Yachting on the Zuyder Zee* (174), is one of the successful sea-pieces of Mr. E. W. Cooke.—Mr. W. Havell's *Bridge in Ruins on the River Aisne and Convent of Santa Cosimato* (315) is an effective transcript—much better in point of sharpness and of force than *Stratford-upon-Avon* (530) by the same

In the miniature department, the palm, as of old, must be given to Sir W. Ross. The half-figure of *Richard Durant, Esq.* (790) is a first-rate work, quiet and unpretending in all respects—the modern costume managed to perfection as regards unobtrusiveness. *Mrs. Durant* (810), is one of the grandest of Sir W. Ross's works—Vandyke might have owned it. The portrait of *H.R.H. the Duchess of Saxe Coburg* (819), though not so fine a subject, is most delicately executed:—and that of *Monk W. F. Millbank, Esq.* (820) is an excellent resemblance. *The Marquis of Ormonde* (839) is a magnificent specimen of miniature painting. *The Countess of March* (838) is also such as none other than Sir William can produce. *Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry King* (845) is an example for those who desire to study how to paint military portraiture. *The Child of Alfred Montgomery, Esq.* (828) is a personification of infantine beauty.

Next in merit to these are Mr. Thorburn's Patagonian portraits. Last year, we stated it as our opinion that increase in scale, while it is not itself an excellence, does not contribute increased facilities for refinement in this department—and need not now repeat our remark. One of the most powerfully coloured of Mr. Thorburn's present contributions is the whole-length of *Miss Fitz Gibbon* (755). The arrangement of the hues of the different draperies has here been made productive of much harmony. The head of the principal figure in the group of *The Viscountess Downe and her Family* (788) offers an example of great beauty: and *Lord Arthur Hervey's Family* (801)—a group of children—is a combination full at once of nature and of art. For the royal group consisting of *The Queen, the Princess Helena, and the Prince Alfred* (835), we can say little:—and there is a want of principle of light and shade in the whole-length of *Viscountess Downe* (878). *Miss Collinson* (884) is a grandly designed picture of a very Chinese-looking personage. *Miss Hawley* (900) is a good picture. *The Lady Dorothy Neville* (922) has not made an agreeable picture, because of monotony in the colour and a want of truth in the pose of the figure and in the arrangement of the drapery.

Of Mr. Carrick's miniatures of the poets *William Wordsworth* (856) and *Samuel Rogers* (890), the last is the best;—perhaps because the ghostly and unsubstantial and uncoloured look which the painter has imparted to both is best suited to the latter. Mr. J. Simpson's enamel of *Mr. and Mrs. Webster* (701), after the picture by T. Webster, Esq. R.A., is a good copy of a popular original. The only oil picture by Mr. R. S. Lauder, a *Mother and Child* (751), has much talent. There is much of daylight look in Mr. A. Vickers's *Watering Place on the Heath* (807).

Mr. L. Dickinson's *Portrait of his Father* (864) is a good characteristic drawing of an old man's head, done of the natural size and touched in a characteristic style. This and Mr. Eddis's study of *Arabella Maad Hopkinson* (975)—a very excellent, artlessly-painted drawing of a child—are the two best drawings in chalk of the natural size in the room. Mr. Alfred Chalon's *Portrait of Lieut. A. Wykeham* (960) and that of *An Officer of the 69th Bengal Native Infantry* (1025) are the two most conspicuous military drawings here. Of theatrical portraiture, the same artist has those of *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, in the Characters of Sir Walter and Lady Emeline Amyott, in 'The Wife's Secret'* (981),—and those of *Madame Robert Fechter and Madeleine Baptiste, in the Characters of Antigone and Ismena, in Sophocles' 'Antigone'* (1013),—both done with his accustomed skill.

If Mr. Jones "makes no sign" here among the painters in colours, he makes us long to see translated into colours the subject of his drawing, *Hungarians towing Barges on the Danube against the Stream* (973). This is a very animated and novel composition, recording an incident seen by the artist in some recent travels. The towing is done (says a note) by "hundreds of horses, and their riders cheering, cracking their whips, and exciting the animals to the utmost." All the figures are rushing to a common point; which has furnished the artist with an occasion for a very novel composition. *The Death of Cleopatra* (1018) is a scene from Shakespeare's drama—managed with much solemnity. *Swanilda, accused of Crime, is exposed to be killed by Wild Horses; she is innocent, and is caressed, instead of injured, by*

the Animals (1017). This description furnishes an excellent incident, elegantly treated by Mr. Jones. *The Crucifixion* (1031)—offering a great contrast to all the foregoing—presents also a grand and imposing effect, in which light and shade have been made to play very conspicuous parts.

Miss A. Cole's portrait of *Mrs. J. Waley* (1030) is a tasteful drawing. Mr. MacIise's designs for *Shakespeare's Seven Ages* (990) are "intended to form the border and centre of a plateau to be executed in porcelain." They abound in fancy and in clever drawing. We take our leave of the pictures in the Academy this year with the notice of two admirable groups from the pencil of Mr. George Richmond.—*Two Daughters of the Bishop of London* (1048), and *Three Daughters of Thomas Gladstone, Esq.* (1060). They exhibit Mr. Richmond's knowledge of form, graceful feeling, ability to read and record expression, and taste in combining all these in a picture.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Mr. Richard Burchett, one of the Masters in the Class of Form at the School of Design, and previously a distinguished student of the school, delivered a lecture, illustrated by diagrams and drawings, on Friday evening in last week, "On the Studies of the Freehand Section of the Class of Form." After showing that these studies are necessarily common to the whole school, and directing the attention of the students to geometric principles as constituting the basis of all true knowledge of form, the lecturer dwelt upon the superiority of the educated hand to all mechanical aids, and upon beauty and precision of line as being all-important objects of the studies of the class. He next considered philosophically the subject of beauty and form,—commenting on some of the erroneous ideas of beauty promulgated by various writers; and having adverted to the great importance of cultivating that æsthetic faculty which we call taste—showing the approximation to a universal standard of beauty to be dependent on the extent of such cultivation—he deduced from simple forms the qualities that constitute lineal and formative beauty. He then proceeded to direct the attention of the students to the value of the examples of Art used in the class as exemplifying the combination of beautiful lines in simple forms, the peculiar qualities and distinct characteristics of various kinds of foliage, and the combination of lines in composition.

The School, we rejoice to hear, is now constantly well attended; and we understand that the continuance of able and diligent students is to be encouraged by the distribution of prizes for their best productions, and by giving to them a preference in filling up vacancies of masterships in the provincial schools. Government is manifesting a vigilant interest in the efficient agency of this nationally important Institution. The President and Vice-President of the Board of Trade have recently become the Chairmen of the Committee of Management, and sanction by signature all its proceedings. The Committee holds its meetings at the Board of Trade; and consists, as now arranged, of the following members:—The Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, President,—Earl Granville, Vice-President,—G. R. Porter, Esq., and Sir Denis Le Marchant, Secretaries,—Stafford H. Northcote, Esq., Law Assistant,—J. G. Shaw Lefevre, Esq., Sir R. Westmacott, Ambrose Poynter, Esq., and G. Richmond, Esq.—The Senate of the University of London have lent to the school, for the delivery of class lectures, one of their spacious rooms in the building; and Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Townshend are about to commence a series of such lectures on Botany and Anatomy.—Mr. Redgrave has been appointed by the Committee at the Board of Trade to co-operate with Mr. Dyce in carrying out the objects of the class of Applied Design,—including flower-painting and the treatment of plants and foliage in ornamentation; and arrangements are in progress for the commencement of courses of lectures on the History and Principles of Art in relation to ornament.

Yesterday and to-day have been and are selling the modern Dutch pictures the property of the late Sir Thomas Baring, which have been on view during the past week at Messrs. Christie & Manson's. Of this sale we will give our readers some account in our next number. The pictures have been removed from Stratton Park and Devonshire Place.

There is a clever full-length portrait of Mr. George Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, now on view at Messrs. Graves's, in Pall Mall. It is the work of Mr. John Lucas, and is by far the best portrait we have seen from his hand for a long time. It is an out-door picture; and contains a view of Chat Moss, the scene of Mr. Stephenson's early and triumphant labours. The figure is all in black; and the loose upper coat now in fashion has given a pleasing variety to the composition. The likeness is extremely good. The picture is to be engraved.

A private view of a series of lithographs showing the costumes of the various tribes, portraits of ladies of rank, princes, and chiefs, views of fortresses, passes, cities, and temples in Afghanistan, by James Rattray, Esq., afforded us another evidence of the advantage which society gains by the labours of those gentlemen in the military services who possess graphic talent. The facilities which come in their way enable them to make acquaintance with the hue and complexion of things that lie out of the ordinary path of the civil artist. This series of thirty lithographs by Lieut. Rattray evinces an eye for the picturesque, and no mean success as a draughtsman. To particularize would not be easy where there is an average amount of success in each example.

We have before us a publication which will form a pleasant and useful companion to persons visiting Windsor Castle, and conveys a striking notion of its extent and magnificence to parties at a distance. It is a short descriptive account of the Castle, including a list of paintings to be seen in the state apartments and a brief account of the Chapel of St. George. The letter-press portion is far too short to serve as anything more than mere hints to the casual visitor; but it is illustrated by a variety of exterior and interior views, from steel plates,—and above all by a panoramic view of the Castle, six feet in length, embracing the entire circuit of its walls, and folding into the little volume in portable fashion.

A number of the friends and admirers of the Hero of Trafalgar have set on foot a subscription for the purpose of purchasing a series of eight pictures, by Westall and West, representing important events in the life of Admiral Lord Nelson; including that portrait of himself for which he sat to Abbot—and to whose strong likeness Lady Nelson testifies in a letter quoted by Mr. McArthur, and also by Sir Harris Nicolas. These pictures are the property of the executors of the late Mr. McArthur,—and the sum demanded for their purchase is 500l. It is proposed that they shall be presented by the subscribers, when purchased, as an addition to the testimonials of Nelson's life and services existing in Greenwich Hospital—the Governors having consented to appropriate an apartment for their reception, to be called "The Nelson Room." The pictures are on view at Mr. Hogarth's in the Haymarket,—where they will remain till the sum demanded is subscribed.

Amongst provincial Art intelligence, we may mention that the foundation-stone of the temple for Dr. Jephson's statue has been laid in the gardens at Leamington,—and that of the pillar to commemorate the visit of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, at Ramsey in the Isle of Man.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on THURSDAY, June 10th, 1848. To commence at Two o'clock. Vocalists.—Madame Dorcas-Gra, Miss Duval, the Misses Holroyd and Miss Osby, Mr. Lockyer and Mr. Lutter. Solo Performers.—Mr. W. S. Bennett, Herr Mollique, Signor Piatto, Messrs. Hill, Williams, Baumann, Platt, and Howell. The Orchestra will be on the grandest scale. Conductor, Mr. Lucas. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each. Reserved Seats, 15s. to be had of all Music-sellers, and of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.

EXETER HALL.

MR. SURMAN (Conductor of the London Sacred Harmonic Society) has the honour to announce that a GRAND PERFORMANCE will be given in the EXETER HALL, on FRIDAY EVENING, June the 10th, 1848, for HIS BENEFIT, when will be performed, for the First Time at Exeter Hall, Haydn's Descriptive Oratorio, "THE SEASONS." Principal Vocal Performers.—Miss Birch, Miss A. Williams, Miss E. Birch, Miss Stewart, Miss E. Byers, Mr. Lockyer, Mr. Benson, Mr. T. Williams, Mr. Lutter, Mr. Rodda, and Mr. H. Phillips. Leader, Mr. H. Blagrove. Conductor, Mr. Surman. The Band and Chorus will be on an efficient and extensive scale, consisting of nearly Five Hundred Performers. Central Reserved Seats, numbered in the Area, 7s. with a splendid Portrait of the Composer, proof copy on India paper, engraved on steel by J. Thompson; Tickets, 5s. each; Reserved Seats, in the Gallery or Area, 5s.; Seats in the Orchestral Galleries, 1s. each. To be had of the principal Music-sellers; of Mr. J. Borman, No. 3, Leadenhall-street; Mr. Tomlin, 28, Chancery-lane; Mr. Cahan, 37, Strand, next to Exeter Hall, and at No. 9, Exeter Hall (Entrance in Exeter-street), where a Plan of the Room may be seen. Books of the Words, with a Portrait of the Composer, 1s. each, to be had in the Room on the Evening of Performance. The Doors will be Opened at Six, and the Performance commence at Seven o'clock.

THE LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL, will perform Haydn's Overture "THE CREATION" on FRIDAY EVENING, June 9, 1848, in Aid of the Funds of the EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION. Principal Vocal Performers—Miss Birch, Miss A. Williams, Miss E. Birch, Mr. Loekey, Mr. Loekey, and Mr. H. Phillips. Leader, Mr. H. Blagrove. Conductor, Mr. Surman. The Band and Chorus will be on a most extensive and efficient scale. Tickets, 3s. each; Reserved Seats in the Gallery, 2s.; Reserved Central Area Seats, 1s.; in the Orchestra, 1s.—may be obtained of the principal Musicellers; of Mr. Borman, 3, Leadenhall-street; Mr. Tomlin, 33, Charing-cross; Mr. Cohan, 57, Strand, next to Exeter Hall; at 9, Exeter Hall (entrance in Exeter-street); and of the Committee of the Early Closing Association, 355, Strand. W. S. AUSTIN, Hon. Sec.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—At the *Seventh Concert* the selection from 'Saul' would have been interesting, but for the barn-version of some among Handel's grandest inspirations given by orchestra and chorus. It is idle to talk of this or the other evening of the week being unfavourable to attendance; the cause of its diminution lies in the deterioration of performance at a time when every other musical body has advanced. How can it be expected that aristocratic ears will be bored by such a cacophony as was made in 'Gird on thy Sword,' when Mr. Hullah's five-hundred are singing 'Wretched Lovers' to perfection, at a fourth of the price? The duct and chorus 'Marvellous things did he,' from Dr. Boyce's installation anthem, furnished another proof of what we have always suspected—namely, that in the style which they attempted the English composers of the eighteenth century were as far in advance of our contemporaries as its Sir Joshua exceeded the crowd of clever persons who now-a-days exhibit portraits "painted with ease." We were disappointed by Miss Lucombe's singing of 'Gratias agimus.' Before she left England, this lady displayed a feeling for style, a clearness and spirit in articulation, and a readiness of voice, which, as we said not long ago, made so much good *matériel* towards a singer. The want that of such thorough and substantial vocal training as enables a Malibran, a Persiani, or a Lind to smooth and connect the unpleasant or heterogeneous tones of an organ originally unequal or deficient in certain qualities.—This want does not seem to have been supplied. Increase of confidence and ambition was shown,—but not an increase in the perfections adverted to as desirable: hence Miss Lucombe's singing had an ambitious and unrefined air, which would seem to predicate that the lady has not spent her time in the south to the best advantage. Let us hope that she will prove us to have been in the wrong, on future occasions.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Miss Kate Loder's performance of Mendelssohn's first *Concerto* was "the feature" of the *Sixth Concert*. It claims record as the best exhibition on the Pianoforte by an Englishwoman that we recollect; and did herself and her instructress, Mrs. Anderson, very high credit. The *Concerto* is one to task the strongest man. It was written in the first burst of its composer's success, to give vent to a vivacity of spirit and executive power which then had apparently no limit. So magical was the effect of Mendelssohn's playing of it as to place every successor at a great disadvantage. Nor has it been performed with anything like due effect for many years. Few women can do justice to Mendelssohn's concert-music in public: since a steadiness in *tempo*, a firmness of finger, and a strength of wrist are demanded, which are only to be found exceptionally and at very long intervals. All this makes Miss Loder's performance doubly meritorious. Her execution was beautifully neat and easy; her *tempi* in the three movements were correct (the *molto allegro* being taken with that extreme rapidity which it requires the utmost command to maintain), the expressive passages were felt, and if less fully expressed than they might have been, still excellent from the total absence of the affectation with which we have been surfeited by the players of the spasmodic school. Miss Loder, too, repeated the *finale* when universally called upon without the slightest appearance of distress. In short, this *Concerto* proved that we have another English executant of the highest class. It rests with the young Lady's self to maintain and improve her position;—and as we have more than once had occasion recently to observe, our female professors show an ambition for progress which we should be glad to see more generally acted on. For instance, we could not but ask ourselves, while hearing the overture to 'Parisina,'—an early work by Mr. W. S. Bennett,—how it has chanced that a composer who could write such an

early work has advanced so little beyond it—nay, of later days has stood entirely still? That the much-complained-of wrong and injustice done to "native talent" are of "native talent's" own making we must continue to repeat so long as facts like the evidences which this same *Sixth Concert* afforded,—the recollections of Miss Kemble and Mrs. Shaw and of their triumphs, and the brilliant career opening for Mr. Reeves come before us. For some unexplained reason, Mr. Lucas conducted Mr. Bennett's overture; by no means to the advantage of the work. In the second act Mr. Blagrove played one of Dr. Spohr's violin concertos. The singers were Madame Dorus-Gras and Signor Salvi;—with regard to whose performances we shall but say that three *namby-pamby* airs by Donizetti in one Philharmonic scheme are just three too many. We are aware of the difficulty of managing highly finished singers (such universal geniuses as Madame Viardot-Garcia and Miss Kemble who have the command of four languages and as many styles making the exception); we know, too, the threadbare state to which 'O cara immagine' and 'Non mi dir' and other approved classical Italian songs have been worn; nor do we forget that most modern scientific writers of later day—by their most unscientific contempt of vocal convenience are shyly approached by vocalists. But there is a repertory of older date—never wisely approached without success—which it is as delightful to sing as to hear. The music of Handel, Gluck, the great Italians of the last century, &c. &c., are legitimate vocal alternatives for foreign use at a Philharmonic concert; not the instrumental *scenas* of Spohr, Weber, or Marschner,—and assuredly not the now faded and never fresh frivolities of Bellini and Donizetti. Much is it to be desired that the Directors would take our counsel to heart, if they would wind up their season with "a trot for the avenue."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Mrs. Anderson's *Concerto* was a brilliant and crowded meeting; the lady playing her best in Beethoven's *Concerto* in E flat, and the singers of the Royal Italian Opera assisting her—also Madame Dorus-Gras, with her best voice and airiest execution (making only the seventh *prima donna* now in London!), and Signor Piatti and M. Sainanton as solo instrumentalists.

The concert of Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper was highly creditable to the taste of its givers. The first act, devoted to the music of Mendelssohn, contained some compositions hitherto unheard in England. First came a Psalm for mezzo-soprano solo and chorus, written for a collection of sacred music privately printed. Two of the movements are simpler in structure than most of Mendelssohn's sacred compositions; the third is one of those admixtures of solo and chorus which no modern writer has managed so well as he—and in which constructive power exercised on a simple phrase derives an effect (as sometimes happens in Handel's choruses*) from the very simplicity, by means of repetition. Mr. Sloper performed the *Serenade* and *Allegro gioioso*, Mendelssohn's forty-fourth work and last concert-piece for pianoforte solo. This, we believe, has not hitherto been played in England; and in interest and beauty it falls below the two *Concertos* and the *Rondo* in B minor—yet the close of the *Serenade* and the treatment of the *allegro* bespeak the master. It was well given. Miss Pyne and her sister sang two Duets which were new to us,—the first as wild and simple as the two-part setting of Burns's

O wert thou in the cauld blast.

Mr. Loekey gave 'By Celia's arbour' in his best fashion.—Miss Dolby, 'O rest in the Lord'; and the selection closed by two unaccompanied four-part Songs, in which the *contralto* and the tenor were joined by Miss Wallace and Mr. W. Seguin. So much interest, we repeat, is rarely given to that *farrago* of heterogeneous music—a benefit concert. We were glad also to hear Bach's triple *Concerto* in B minor, excellently played by Mr. Sloper, MM. Benedict and Halle.

The fifth meeting of the *Musical Union* was principally remarkable for Beethoven's pianoforte and violoncello Duett in a major, played to perfection by the last-named pianist and Signor Piatti. Herr

* That illustration may not be wanting, let us point to the examples, 'To Dead cherubin,' in the Duetto 'To Deum,' and 'The Dead shall live,' in Dryden's 'Ode'

Herrmann led the Quartetts. Here, by the way, we may call attention to the next meeting of the *Beethoven Quartett Society*, one act of which is to be devoted to the music of Mendelssohn—the announcement emphasizing a comment which appears in another column.

We must briefly mention the benefit concert of Mr. and Mrs. W. Seguin and of Mlle. Conlon. At the latter, M. Rousselot's clever pianoforte *Septuor* was one of the attractions of the programme. Then the second of Mr. George Case's *Soirées*, in which "a concatenation" of *Concertinas* represents the orchestra, has been given:—also the first performance at the Hanover Square Rooms of Herr Lenschow's band, to which he gives the somewhat hybrid appellation of the "Germania Society." This, among other "curiosities of music," was to perform Labitzky's *Tunnel False*, founded upon the astonishment of the composer at our London "wonder of Ari." But "what's not in a name"?—may be well asked by those who, turning over the very spare catalogue of new foreign music, there find 'Les Barricades' mentioned as the newest *valse* of Strauss!

Neither has there been wanting music at Exeter Hall. Mr. Hullah's chorallists have repeated 'Acia and Galatea' (Mr. Whitworth for the first time singing the *Polyphemus*) and 'The Walpurgis Night' of Mendelssohn, with a sort of interchapter (as 'The Doctor' had it), in which Mr. Reeves sang 'Adelaide' and Herr Hallé played certain of the *Lieder ohne Worte*.—The *Sacred Harmonic Society* last evening gave 'The Creation,' with Miss Lucombe as *soprano*. The lovers of classical and serious music have now an opportunity of gratifying their tastes once a week, or thereabouts, by oratorios, &c. fairly performed. A like choice, we believe, has not been afforded to the amateurs of any other European capital—Berlin, with its *Sing-Academie*, not excepted. Add to this, that the standard of performance in England is surely and progressively rising.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The following paragraphs may be read as so many illustrations of national humour.—The French musical journals continue filled with plans for "organization"—with demonstrations expressing confidence in the new order of affairs and announcing the utter ruin of Art—with advertisements of fresh emigrations to England; and with anecdotes which must appear fully whimsical to persons in any way conversant with "French of Paris."—Who was there, for instance, that attended the Bonn Festival and heard not of M. Elwart's red-hot zeal and indignation because some manifestation was not there made in honour and glory—not of the Rajah of Sattara—not of the Clam of Tartary,—but of another potentate, at least as germane to the *Beethoven Fest* as they—his ex-Majesty Louis Philippe? "His *feuilleton*," the angry Professor declared aloud, "should talk to Europe of the insult of such a silence!"—and talk it did, in this warlike fashion promised, though probably to a somewhat smaller audience. Well, this same loyal M. Elwart has just been concocting, for "the *Idea* of May," a Republican *Te Deum*, and *Hymne à la Fraternité*, with an accompaniment *obligato* (as before) of "talk" in the *feuilleton* in praise of his "zeal and disinterestedness."—And here is a notice in the *Gazette Musicale* which is worth translating literally:—

After the days of February, M. Louis Lacombe composed with enthusiasm a *Canzona* in three parts on the magnificent words of M. Barthélemy. This *Canzona* was to be executed at the *Théâtre de la Nation*—the directors had promised it—many journals announced it: and all this two months ago! Tired with so long an expectation, M. Louis Lacombe has thought it his duty to withdraw his *score*; but he is anxious that it should be known why an artist calculated to attach hearts to the young Republic, resigns himself to keeping silence against his will.

The Miller of Kennequahair's comment upon the euphuism of Sir Pierre Shafton: "Brave words—very brave words—very exceedingly pycet words"—would most fitly, we think, describe M. Elwart's "zeal and disinterestedness" and the enthusiasm, duty and resignation of M. Louis Lacombe. At a moment when "organization" and "progress" are catch-words in every one's mouth, are we impatient in pointing out to musicians of all countries how much their code stands in need of revision as regards the morals of uttered and published language? They do not, it is true, act upon the venerable diplo-

matic maxim of "Speech being given to conceal their thoughts"—because, alas! it is too generally and transparently evident that among them speech is employed, with a most utter disregard of consistency, to advance their self-interest—or (adopting the other diplomatic formula) to "increase their consequence and strengthen their connexions." We have too often to lament their want of moral courage:—why must we, also, so often have to complain of their excess of *im-moral self-assertion*? These things must be amended,—or "organization and progress" might as well not be talked about. The profligate life and renal ambition of old too largely chargeable on the musician were bad enough,—yet hardly worse than the new-fashioned sentimental hypocrisy which assumes everything save the consistent practice of self-efficiency.

We adverted last week to the engraved likeness of the composer of 'Elijah,' after Prof. Hensel's picture. Our musical readers will be glad to learn that they may expect a yet more faithful and agreeable portrait of Mendelssohn ere long—in an engraving from a portrait by Prof. Magnus, of Berlin (the artist to whom we owe the most satisfactory likeness of Mdlle. Lind). The original was painted some few years ago, and remains in Germany; but we have seen a copy, recently executed, which is now in London,—and can warrant its great beauty and general fidelity to a countenance not the least charm of which lay in its singular mobility of expression. In such cases, the selection of a single look becomes difficult; but in this, Prof. Magnus seems to us to have been singularly fortunate.—From the Master we pass naturally to his music,—since they were one. Whether we touch upon portraits painted for England or on the programmes of concerts given during the busiest week of the London season,—we are justified in drawing a comparison betwixt English and German modes of honouring genius. It did not consist with our manners to give the Artist crosses or gold keys when living,—to receive him with torch-processions,—to lament him with theatrical funeral ceremonies:—but the love professed during his life does not disappear from amongst us so soon as there is no longer any self-glorification to be got by professing and sympathizing. We English do not in March "write down" the idol whom we "pedestalled in print" the previous June,—and while our "Cousins" are painfully trying to prove that *Herr This and M. The Other* are the musical geniuses of the century, we are simply and consistently carrying out the professions which we made when Mendelssohn was alive—and now, as then, maintaining that he was the greatest musician of his time—in some branches of Art the greatest since Handel.

The American journals are in "a flame" with amazement, personal imputation, and distress at the failure of the Italian Operas in New York. After having given a strain or two of French republican rhetoric, a burst of Transatlantic fine language would only have completed the full harmony. But our neighbours must not think that they have the "whimsicalities" of criticism all to themselves,—and we must have a word with a friend at home.—A correspondent has favoured us with a communication *apropos* of the recent performances of 'Jephtha'—pointing out the loss of effect to Handel's Oratorios by their not being performed in costume.—

The Oratorios of Handel [says our ingenious friend] are dramatic Poems set to music. Few of them will perhaps admit of stage exhibition like 'Acis and Galatea'; yet I think this effect in the concert-room would be more perfect did the singers appear in costumes somewhat suitable to the characters of the piece,—at all events in dresses not inconsistent with those characters.

After affixing himself with describing the toilettes of *Hamor* (Miss Williams), *Storge* (Miss Duval), and above all, "the black ball-room dress" of *Zebul* "the hardy soldier," (Mr. Phillips)—

is it beyond the inventive powers [he continues] of the notorious revivers of Handel to devise some intermediate mode between the costume of the stage and the ordinary concert-room dresses for these Oratorios, so that while his ear is delighted the eye and taste of the beholder may not be displeased? I have observed persons in Exeter Hall singing the music of 'Sampson' and 'Judas' whose personal appearance and whose tones of voice (however musically pleasing), were almost in contrast to the characters of those terrible heroes.

We need not, assuredly, comment on the above, save by asking, What is to be made of chorus, orchestra, Conductor, &c. &c., under such an idea of what "is singing"? But we recommend the question for the

adjustment of the purists and of those whose love of Art is "nothing if not traditional."

Ere we have done with nationality, we must announce a proclamation which has appeared on the hoards and dead walls, side by side with Cremona and Vauxhall advertisements and Mr. O'Connor's challenge to Mr. Cobden. In this the English dramatic authors and actors are distractedly called on to "Petition! Petition!! Petition!!! the throne for a division at least of the exclusive patronage so liberally bestowed on foreigners, to the destruction of native talent." The *avalar* of M. Alexandre Dumas (to "mount" his *two-nights'* drama of 'Monte Christo,' unaided by MM. Fiorentino and Maquet) and the appearance of the *Palais Royal* Company, by way of closing the season of that most liberal of managers, Mr. Mitchell, have elicited this "groan" and the prayer for restriction with which it concludes. Of course, the *sacks* and *buckins* by whom the document is put forth are satisfied that, supposing these wicked French actors were allowed to starve at home, their own steps would be followed—their own *couthurn* dignified by the Golden Spur! and honours more popular and profitable. It were needless again to enter into the statistics of their present gains,—to discuss the morbid anatomy of "the star system,"—to declare that these, less than ever, are times when

John and Mistress Bull from ale and tea houses can be forced theatre-ward to see what does not entertain them. But, as "an ounce of example is worth a pound of precept," it may not be altogether useless to treat our dolorous dramatists desiring (as a Drury Lane manager put it not long ago) "to resuscitate the precarious state" of the stage, to a *sors* which we turned up a day or two since in Fielding's works. It is part of the dedication of his 'Intriguing Chambermaid' to Kitty Clive,—the date 1773.—

"It is your misfortune," says he, "to bring the greatest genius for acting on the stage at the time when the factions and divisions among the players have conspired with the folly, injustice, and barbarity of the town to finish the ruin of the stage, and sacrifice our own native entertainments to a wanton, affected fondness for foreign music, and when our mobility seem eagerly to rival each other in distinguishing themselves in favour of Italian theatres and in neglect of our own."

O most honest and national dedicatior! How came it to pass that so plain an Englishman omitted to acquaint "the town" that this same 'Intriguing Chambermaid' was but a vulgar paraphrase of 'Le Dissipateur'? And can we forget that to this ruin succeeded the reign of the Phenix Garrick,—then that of the Kemble dynasty, &c. &c. &c.? There are rebuke for the foolish and consolation for all such as are really discouraged in the above reminiscence which we need not further "improve."

Thus much by way of illustrating our very strange times.—We must devote a line to recording the death of M. Yaniewicz, announced by our provincial contemporaries. Though twenty years or more have elapsed since this gentleman retired from "the profession," he is not forgotten as a sound and classical violin player,—and, if we mistake not, as one of those who took an active part in the establishment of the Philharmonic Society.

MISCELLANEA

London Stone.—On the bank of the Thames near Staines, at the very extremity of the county of Middlesex, close to Shire ditch, which divides that county from Bucks, stands "London Stone"—marking the western boundary of the city of London on the River Thames. The stone itself is very small, and appears to have been placed on the pedestal whereon it now stands in 1781, by Sir Watkin Lewis, Knight, Lord Mayor. On the north side of the pedestal is this inscription.—

The ancient stone above this Inscription is raised upon this pedestal exactly over the spot where it formerly stood, inscribed:—

"God preserve ye City of London.
A.D. 1293."

How this stone has stood for a period of 563 years is wonderful, considering its unprotected state; and I earnestly hope that the Lord Mayor of the rich and powerful city of London will soon take steps to secure the venerable relic. The ground on which it stands is private property:—why do not the wealthy citizens purchase half an acre of the land, and adopt means

for the preservation of the stone? The city arms are still visible on it,—but the original inscription is nearly effaced. The dagger is yet clearly to be seen on the stone: but I fear that Sir Watkin Lewis has committed an error in making the date 1285,—that is, if the opinion that the dagger was first introduced into the city arms in the reign of Richard II., on the death of Wat Tyler, who was killed in Smithfield on the 15th of June, 1381, be a correct one. If the date of 1285 was on the stone in 1781, as recorded by Sir Watkin Lewis, it is clear that the dagger was on the city arms ninety-six years before Wat Tyler's death, and was used in the reign of the first Edward. I cannot help thinking, however, that the date should have been 1385. If any of your readers could explain this discrepancy it would give great pleasure to,

Staines, June 1.

R. H.

The Electric Telegraph Company.—Having observed from time to time in your journal the various additions connected with our telegraph, it may not be uninteresting to record the recent improvement I have made in this branch—reducing the expenditure of battery power to one-tenth of the amount required before; so that now, instead of working on the long circuit (a distance of about 250 miles) with an equivalent of 240 pairs of plates, 24 pairs do duty with a much more effective result—the reduced intensity not suffering so much by the defect of bad insulation. The most important point, however, is the economy of power when it is applied to the numerous stations throughout the kingdom, and the increased facility of working through a much larger amount of circuit resistance. The addition consists in the substitution of a single small steel losenge three-quarters of an inch long for the two 6-inch atactic magnetic needles, and placed between two small coils of peculiar shape. This form has the advantage, besides those already mentioned, of giving a signal free from that constant vibration of the needle against which so much has been said; the pendulous action of gravity being very limited, from its better adapted form. I am, &c.,

May 30.

NATH. J. HOLMES.

Navigation of the Amazon.—The navigation of the River Amazon by steam has at length been attempted; the first essay having been made by a small steamer called the *Guapiassu*, drawing very little water. She proceeded from the city of Para to the river Negro on the 6th of November, and returned on the 27th of January last,—having occupied eighty-two days on the voyage, of which she was thirty-three detained at the bar of the Rio Negro, and called at twelve different places, stopping several hours at each, going and coming.—*Manchester Examiner.*

The Materiality of Electricity.—Mr. Dix having requested through the medium of your journal of the 26th instant, that I would communicate further relative to an experiment of mine that was noticed in the *Athenæum* of the 18th of March last, I beg the favour of a brief space in your columns for that purpose. The writer of the extract referred to in your Correspondent's letter seems to have been particularly struck by the fluid flowing first from the fracture near the bottom of the jar, and again ceasing to flow, first at the latter and then at the former; and appearing to have been satisfied in his own mind by this, he does not notice the point upon which I must depend as a proof of materiality. Hence Mr. Dix seems to have been led to apply his ingenious test, the unsatisfactory result of which naturally arises from the extreme difficulty of removing the moveable coating from the interior of the jar without deranging the position of the fluid upon the glass, which might even be altered by induction during the withdrawal of the pieces without contact, so extremely sensible is it to extraneous influences. On account of the readiness with which pyrogen is disturbed, I have avoided drawing any inference from its effects in the interior of the jar, and rest the proof of gravitation solely upon the curved form of the luminous streams, resembling the descent of water from a spout, which I find to be distinct from the ordinary discharge of the jar; for when this discharges itself, as frequently happens over the lip during the progress of the experiment, the fluid passes to the outer coating by as straight a line as the shoulder of the jar will allow. With respect, however, to the lapse of time between the appearance of pyrogen at the lip and fracture, Mr. Dix's suggestions relative to the distance between the coatings being less at the crack than over the lip does not seem to me to apply; for the cause of the luminous stream is not the attraction existing between the outer coating and the fluid in the interior of the jar, as appears by the stream over the lip not flowing direct to the coating, but having the appearance of being projected, which it maintains until it arrives on a level with the upper edge of the coating, when it altogether disappears. But

* See *Lancet*, 12th January, 1840.

the stream from the crack does not disappear when it arrives on a level with the edge of the coating, but descends to the sheet of glass upon which the jar rests. The reason I have assigned for this difference is, that the former stream is overpowered by the large surface of metal presented to it in its descent, but that the property of gravitation prevails with the latter in consequence of the small surface of metal between the crack and the bottom of the jar not being sufficient to prevent its downward progress. It may not be unworthy of remark, that when the jar discharges itself the discharge always takes place over the lip and never by the crack, which latter is the shortest distance. If the fluid be immaterial why does not the discharge take place at the latter? It would appear that the fracture is sufficiently small to prevent the passage of the whole mass of pyrogen at once, which affords strong evidence of the existence of matter that can be held back whilst a portion is issuing in a visible stream; but, as already observed, I depend upon the parabolic form of the descending streams to decide the point of materiality. In reference to the name "pyrogen," which is objected to by the *Medical Gazette*, quoted in the *Athenæum* of the 18th March last, I would observe that it was first adopted in the *Polytechnic Review* of January, 1845, at which period no one had used it, and I conceive that any subsequent application of it for another substance should give place to mine. Should the above not prove satisfactory to Mr. Dix, or any other of your numerous readers, and they feel sufficiently interested to inquire further into the experiment and the applications made of it, they will find them in the *Lancet* for the 12th January, 11th March, and 22nd April last.

I am, &c.

JOHN JOSEPH LAKE.
Royal Laboratory, Portsmouth, May 24.

Increase in the Value of Fine Pictures.—In the notice of the sale of the collection of pictures formed by the late W. Wells, Esq., it will be seen that a picture, the head of a female, with a basket of eggs in her lap and two pigeons in her hand, by the French painter Greuze, and considered to be the finest production of that artist in this country, was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for 750 guineas. This same picture, in the collection of the late Mr. Wilkinson, was sold by auction in 1828 for 245 guineas; the auctioneer on that occasion stating that the purchaser would receive with the picture Greuze's original receipt for 150 louis d'ors (150l. sterling), the price paid the artist by Mr. Wilkinson on receiving the picture from the easel.—*Observer*.

Human Skin nailed to Church Doors.—Mr. Albert Way communicated the result of a correspondence relating to the tradition handed down in several instances, that the doors of certain churches had been covered with human skin as a punishment of sacrilege. Sir Harry Englefield had first called the notice of the Society of Antiquaries to the existence of such a tradition regarding the churches of Hadstock and Copford, in Essex; and the Hon. Richard Neville in his 'Antiqua Explorata' had again stated the record preserved by popular belief in those parishes. It appeared that a similar tale was known at Worcester, in relation to the great north doors of the Cathedral—supposed to have been covered with the skin of a person who had robbed the high altar. These doors had been renewed of late years, and the old wood-work deposited in the crypt;—but by the assistance of Mr. Jabez Allies, a portion of the supposed human skin had been obtained, which remained under the iron work and clamps,—the skin having evidently been laid upon the doors when first made. It proved, on examination by a powerful microscope, to be in fact human. Mr. Way stated that having obtained portions of the skin from the church-doors at Hadstock and Copford, these had proved also, on scientific examination, to be human skin. He alluded also to the mention made by Pepys, in his Diary, of a visit, in 1661, to Rochester Cathedral, to see the Danes' skins with which the doors, as it was believed, were covered. The occurrence of such savage punishment in remote villages, and in parts of the country infested by Danish or other pirates, might appear less extraordinary; but the discovery of such a practice in the instance of cathedral churches must be considered as very remarkable,—more especially as no ancient law against sacrilege had been found by which any like penalty was shown to have been warranted.—*Printed Minutes of the Archaeological Institute*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. J. C.—J. J.—S. L.—E. C.—W. S.—J. K. B.—Triad—received.

G. L.—This correspondent, who writes to us from Liverpool, complains—in reference to our observations on the mere den provided for the exhibition of sculpture in the high place of Art in the metropolis—of the miserable accommodation given to the same object in that town,—which it is upon a patron of Art and a producer of honoured sculptures.

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